



THE BIG TOAST-BOOK

A Compendium of the
Best New and Old
Toasts, Sentiments, Quo-
tations and Merry Quips

*A Guide
for Toastmaster and Toast-giver, with a
Comprehensive Selection of*

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

Suited to All Occasions

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PREFACE

This collection is equally desirable for the experienced and the novice in the field of after-dinner speaking.

The one, familiar with all the requirements of toastmaster and toaster, welcomes it as a positive aid in presenting that which is fresh and lively, and therefore certain to "get a hand" from his auditors.

The newcomer in the field, unfamiliar with extemporaneous public speaking, will find it of material help in fitting him, with the very least effort, to acquit himself with distinction.

The practical information for the novice in the opening pages of this work is told in direct and simple language, without verbosity or ambiguity, so that he who reads may learn how to get up on his hind legs and talk to his fellows with least embarrassment and, let us hope, with pronounced success.

The selected and original matter throughout this book is put forward as the very best to be had. If better were available, it would be presented here. Use it any way you like—as is, or "roll your own" with this for the makin's.

It has been the compiler's aim to make this a BIG Toast-book in more than mere size, and he believes that a world of good fellows will agree with him that he has come mighty near doing it.

Here's hoping!

THE BIG TOAST-BOOK

The Toast

IN EARLIEST times, Pagans drank flagons to the gods and the dead. This custom was adopted by Christian nations, who later added wishes for health and happiness.

The "toast" originally was a slice of toasted bread, which in England in the sixteenth century was customarily placed in the cup and the beverage served hot. Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," says "Fetch me a quart of sack and put a toast in't."

At a later date, toasted bread and warm drinks came to be the exception, but still the familiar term "toast" remained, but it was now applied to the lady in whose honor the company drank, her name now flavoring the bumper as earlier the toast had flavored the drink. Hence the act of drinking a health, or expressing good wishes at table, became "toasting," and the sentiment expressed was called a "toast."

In the time of Charles II. of England it was the mode for women of quality to bathe publicly in elegant toilets made for the purpose. A celebrated beauty of the time was in the public pool at Bath when one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair lady stood, and drank her health to the company. Another of the gay fellows, not willing to be outdone, attempted to jump in, and swore that, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast*.



The Toastmaster

An occasion at which toasts are in order is one intended to promote good feeling. There should not, therefore, be permitted anything controversial or antag-

onistic to any of the company present. It is the duty of the toastmaster to promote good feeling among all, and especially between speakers. The toastmaster's introductions of the various speakers may contain good-natured bantering, together with compliment, but must be without sting.

The good toastmaster prepares carefully and does not depend upon "inspiration" or the "spur of the moment." He appears to speak extemporaneously, but in reality he has carefully thought out what he will say and how he will say it. He may vary his original plan as occasion arises while at table, but the framework of the structure is built in advance.

The toastmaster's work begins as the company is standing at the tables waiting his invitation to be seated. Instead of merely saying the conventional, "Gentlemen, be seated," of minstrel-show fame, it is desirable to obtain silence, either by raising the voice above the chatter, or by pounding on the table with a table knife, and then, the company's attention being secured, in a voice that reaches to the limits of the audience, quote some appropriate verse or sentiment, as, for example, this of Bobbie Burns:

"Some hae meat, and canna eat;
Some can eat, and want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."

"Will you take your seats, gentlemen?"

Make your selection for this opener applicable to the occasion. Search through the printed toasts till you find what you need.

The dinner proceeds. It has advanced to coffee and cigars, and now it's up to you. You rise and rap for order. But remember, you are toastmaster, not speech-maker. You are the connecting link between speakers and audience. Say a few words, but let your little piece not exceed five minutes, and often two minutes is better. A word of welcome and of compliment to your guests

and fellow members is first in order. Then a brief statement of the object and character of your organization, and the purpose of the dinner, that your guests may be informed.

Don't fumble or hesitate, and don't read your stuff. Have what you are going to say letter perfect, and speak out like a man.

Now you are going to introduce a speaker. If he is a stranger to your city or to your company, learn about him before the dinner, the reasons for his eminence and the extent of his reputation, and in your introduction tell why he is famous in a few words, but avoid superlatives. And do not say, "We have with us tonight."

Remain standing till the speaker is on his feet, is duly applauded, and has turned to address you—"Mr. Toastmaster." Bow and take your seat.

Now he has finished. You have listened to him as he spoke, and something he has said has suggested to your versatile mind a sentiment, a bit of verse, an anecdote or a jest that fits in. Get to your feet and say your little say and thank him in behalf of the company.

Never leave the audience in doubt as to when the program is ended. Close the show yourself. You started it, controlled it, and now you say the "good night" that rings down the curtain with a pleasing finale.

Send them away with a sentiment, a verse or a quip that fits the evening's ending. You will find something suitable to meet most occasions in this volume. One admirable closing is here quoted:

"The songs are ended and the speeches done,

The stories told, we've lit our last cigar;

We leave this place of meeting, one by one,

To seek a shadowy country, dim and far.

It is a land where dreams do all come true,

Where failures and resentments do not lurk,

Where youth and hope are ours, and faith is new,

And swift success doth follow honest work.

Two words invoke the bounty of that land,
With all its favors and its blessings bright—
I give to each of you a brother's hand,
And bid you, one and all, Good night! Good night!"



The Toaster

You are notified that at a certain banquet you will be expected to respond to a given toast. Or, if not notified, you still are threatened with the possibility of being called upon unexpectedly to give utterance to a "few remarks" on the subject before the house.

Prepare yourself carefully. The successful after-dinner speaker has learned the need of thinking out in advance just what he will say. Don't leave it to chance.

In the advance preparation of your brief address, remember that your listeners, and you, will have just partaken of a dinner when your remarks are made, which is a time for mental and physical relaxation, and not for any heavy tax on the brains of your listeners. Do not encourage scowls or yawns by any heavy stuff. Do not recite a list of statistics to prove the salvation or damnation of something or other; ride no hobby of your own; avoid the possible giving of offense to any present; leave Armenian and other alleged atrocities entirely out of it. There are few greater atrocities than a long, tedious, tiresome speech at any time, and especially on such an occasion as this.

Put geniality and joy and wit into your words. Be at ease, or try to appear as if you were, and avoid pomposity. Make no effort to be ponderously impressive. Your entire duty is to entertain. Let smiles and laughter follow feasting. Put your main reliance on wit and humor. Have a good story to tell and tell it well. Rehearse your stories at home. Select several from this book and memorize them. Do not feel obliged to give any story in the exact words as it is printed. Get the gist and the point and then put it in your own language, adapting it to your needs and the occasion.

It is true that the telling of a story well is an art not possessed by everyone. Some are born with the knack, apparently, yet often this seemingly inherent gift is in reality merely the result of constant practice. Anyone can learn to tell a story well if he will persist in the effort. But do your learning at home, not in public at the expense of your fellows. Imagine you have an audience, and rehearse aloud.

The value of a good story can hardly be overestimated. Even the novice can succeed in his first appearance as a speaker if he does nothing more than tell a good story, no matter how short.

The tyro need not attempt to make any application of his good story, nor explain why it is told or what its bearing is. The only requirement is the telling of a story provocative of laughter. The trained speaker will prefer to present his story with a graceful introduction and follow it with a clever application. If the novice wishes to undertake this, let him make his preparations in the quiet of his home and have it all thought out and stored in his mind in advance of delivery.

In delivering your toast, be natural, and speak in a conversational tone. This is no place for oratory, either of voice or manner. An after-dinner speech is merely a short, informal talk, usually witty, always kindly, carrying one central idea, and with a bit of happy material in the way of anecdote, quotation and story.

If it is a first effort, do not be too ambitious, but make it simple and brief. Give the effect of spontaneity, but have your matter well rehearsed and perfectly memorized. Do not use worn out quotations. Give new toasts rather than the old set forms. Avoid irony and satire, and use personal references sparingly. Do not attempt to instruct, and give statistics a wide berth. And do be brief.

Do not apologize or say that you are not prepared or that you speak on short notice. "I am no orator, as Brutus is," may safely be left with Mr. Shakespeare.

Detour at once when you find yourself inclined to say, "You've probably all heard the story about—" "That reminds me of a story" has been worked to death. Bury it deep.



Self Starters

Start your anecdotes boldly, as, "It is told of a certain physician, who shall be nameless, that"—etc.

Or say: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: I am so sure of my own supreme ignorance in the matter that has been so ably handled here tonight, that were I to presume to attempt any elucidation of the subject here and now, I should fear to exhibit a paucity of ideas, much as did the young lady on the occasion when—" etc.

"I like to see our genial toastmaster so enthusiastic. I believe in enthusiasm. But still it can be overdone, whatever the subject—even religion. There was an old hardened sinner converted at a revival, and in his first weekly prayer meeting, at which the topic was the widow's cruse of oil and crock of meal and their miraculous refilling, he enthusiastically poured forth his petition to the Fountainhead in these words: 'Oh Lord, send every poor person in this town a barrel of flour and send every poor person a barrel of meat and send every poor person a barrel of salt and send every poor person a barrel of pepper—wait, Lord, wait; that's too damn much pepper'."

"Our jovial toastmaster's pleasant words of introduction are very flattering; much more so than were those spoken when Senator Gore of Oklahoma was being introduced by a small-town chairman at a political meeting. This local boss arose on the platform, rapped for order, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I ain't going to bore you with no long speech myself, but I will introduce you to a man who will'."

"Sometimes we fail to recognize our friends or ourselves in the flattering words others may utter, and since listening to the complimentary remarks by our worthy

toastmaster I feel much like the colored widow at her late lamented husband's funeral. It was held in a church, and the bereaved mourners, widow and son, occupied a front pew. The negro preacher expatiated on the merits of the deceased: 'Our departed brother was a kind husband, loving father, provided well for his family, a useful citizen to the community.' The widow opened her eyes and stared around, then finally nudged her son in the ribs. 'Jawge Washington,' she said, 'am dey anudder cawpse in dis church?'

"Speaking of whales, brings to mind what my friend Captain Smith of the Leviathan once told me—," etc.

"I once had the pleasure of being a listener to the wise and witty words of the inimitable Chauncey M. Depew, on an occasion similar to this, and shall always remember one of his brilliant flings, which was—," etc.

"The preceding speaker told us a mighty clever story about what happened to him in Washington, which recalls vividly a recent experience of my own in London," etc.

"I cannot better illustrate my viewpoint than by relating what a young fellow very much in love said to his best girl—," etc.

"I know a rough chap, out in the Rocky Mountain country whose favorite story is the one about—," etc.

"Unusual language and startling ways of saying things often leave a lasting impression. I had occasion to make a professional call on a doctor a while ago, and as I took my departure he said, 'Good-bye, sir; I hope I shall never see you again!' That was a new one on me, really. But as I thought it over it struck me as being by all odds the best expression of good wishes that a physician could make to a cured patient. Another doctor of my acquaintance once—," etc.

These are approved forms for introducing your story.



Brakes

Determine in advance the exact form of your closing words, and do stop when you get through. A chief

fault in extemporaneous speaking is the inability to wind up. An otherwise good address is often spoiled by rambling on and on long after it should have ended. Be brief and know when to stop, and you will be blessed by your fellows evermore.



Gas

The classification of our stories is intended to afford aid in the selection of subjects suited to the toasters' various needs. But as there is no story here nor elsewhere that may not be placed under several heads with all propriety, it is plain that any attempt at close classification is impossible, and the compiler's own notion of things is all that governs.

Take the story of the colored preacher caught in a henroost and haled before the judge: How would it best be classified? Under Chicken Stealing? Negro? Preacher? Police Court? Law? Crime? Judge? Repartee? Sin? Natural Proclivity? Ruling Passion? There are a lot more possibilities here. And if it appeared under any of these titles, would the reader respond to the editor's placing and look under the right head for it at once? Or, is it worth while to devote an entire book to cross-references on a series of items in order to make sure that the searcher will be rewarded at a first glance?

Fortunately, it makes very little difference to the reader whether this matter is classified or not. Our stories will be found pleasant to smile over, and one will wish to read most of them for his own enjoyment. Let the toaster put his own marks on the margin, or turn a corner of the page, when he finds stories that appeal to him or that apply to the topic he has under consideration.

The subject-headings which the compiler has adopted run through the book in alphabetical order, hence no index is necessary.

Park Here

Do not despise the old toasts, nor yet ban the newer ones because of their youth. Both have their places in our social circle. Many of the old are still our very best, and will always endure, because inherently good, sure to be appropriate, and appealing to each succeeding generation.

This volume presents many of the best of the old favorites and some of the later models. Prepare your own toasts, developed along the lines indicated, if you have the gumption and the inclination and the time, but do not hesitate to employ other men's successful offerings as presented in this work. They are here for just that purpose.

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TOASTS

Woman .

Here's to woman—once our superior, now our equal.



She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.



The fairest work of the Great Author. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.



The bitter half of man, my bachelor friend insists.



As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.



Woman—the conundrum of the age. We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up.



As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.



Here's to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our fireside by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

—*Fitz Greene Halleck.*



After man came woman—and she has been after him ever since.



Women are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of man.



A hundred men can make an encampment, but it requires a woman to make a home.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.



Flow wine, smile woman, and the universe is consoled.

—*Beranger.*



To the Ladies:

Our arms your defense.

Your arms our recompense.

Fall in!



You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl, however you dress her,
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made;
And the last one is always the prettiest.

Bless Her!



Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty;—
Let the toast pass:

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove

An excuse for the glass. —*Sheridan.*



Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies.



Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. —*Antony and Cleopatra.*



Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head even for a minute,
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

She's a riddle I never could read;
But I wish her good health and Godspeed,
As I drink in brimmed glass
To wife, widow and lass—
And thank God they are none of 'em mine.
—*W. E. P. French.*

✱
The Ladies, God bless them—that time-honored toast,
The one to be drunk and applauded the most,
The Ladies, God bless them, don't drink it in jest,
For I am toasting tonight the one you love best.

The mother that bore you, now withered and old,
But dearer by far than all the earth's gold.
The sister that followed your footsteps in life,
But what is still dearer, your brave-hearted wife.

The Ladies, God bless them, God bless every one,
May the eye of the Father and the love of the Son
Watch o'er and protect them—keep them holy and pure,
With life to sustain and health to endure.
The Ladies, God bless them!

✱
There's a beautiful toast
To the feminine host—
There's a swing to "the ladies—God bless 'em,"
But the women should cry
With their glasses on high,
A toast to the men who dress 'em!

✱
Here's to woman, the source of all our bliss;
There's a foretaste of heaven in her kiss;
But from the queen upon her throne, to the maid in the
dairy,
They are all alike, in one respect—"contrary."

✱
We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we
have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but
when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on
common ground—for we've all been babies.

—*Mark Twain.*

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent and attend)
I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome, and witty, yet a friend. —*Pope.*



Here's to the widows, too dainty to touch,
And here's to their bonnets and ruches and such,
 And here's to the shy
 Little twist of the eye;
A toast to the widows! they all know so much!



To woman in her higher, nobler aspects, whether wife,
widow, grass-widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph
operator, telephone helloer, queen, book agent, wet nurse,
step-mother, boss, professional fat woman, professional
double-headed woman or professional beauty—
 God bless her. —*Mark Twain.*



They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a
 limit;
There's not a place on earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
 Without a woman in it.



Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
 Whose heart is kind and love is true;
Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
 Whose spirit proud you cannot down;
Here's to the girl with eyes of gray,
 Whose sunny smile drives care away;
Whate'er the hue of their eyes may be,
 I'll drink to the girls this toast with thee!

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
Let us toast all the ladies together.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man;

But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people all call them whim-men.

Whene'er you're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,
'Twixt two lines of conduct which course to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Here's to the woman with face so fair,
Framed in a wreath of beautiful hair;
Pretty red lips as soft as a rose—
How many have kissed them God only knows.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he liv'd, and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Here's to the woman who is glad in her gladness;
And the woman who is sad in her sadness;
Here's to the woman who is mad in her madness.

But the woman who is glad,
And the woman who is sad,
And the woman who is mad,
Isn't in it with the woman
Who is bad in her badness.

A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes, the
hell of the soul, and the purgatory of the purse.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

When women love us, they forgive us everything, even
our crimes; when they do not love us, they give us credit
for nothing, not even our virtues.

In a tete-a-tete a woman speaks in a loud tone to the
man to whom she is indifferent, in a low tone to the one
she begins to love, and keeps silent with the one she
loves.

O woman! born first to believe us,
Yea, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret.

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives. —*Shakespeare.*

Here's to man, he can afford anything he can get.
Here's to woman, she can afford anything she can get a
man to get for her. —*George Ade.*

Here's to the ladies, the good, young ladies;
 But not too good, for the good die young,
 And we want no dead ones.
 And here's to the good old ladies,
 But not too old, for we want no dyed ones.



In the election of a wife, as in
 A project of war, to err but once is
 To be undone forever.



A woman is as old as she looks; a man is old when
 he stops looking.



You are a dear, sweet girl,
 God bless you and keep you—
 Wish I could afford to do so.



When a woman repulses, beware. When a woman
 beckons, beware.



Woman—the only sex which attaches more importance
 to what's on its head than to what's in it.



With each new style a girl's sure to agree,
 She'll gladly wear it;
 When fashion says her skirts must show the knee
 She'll grin and bare it.



*To the Woman That's Good
 (The Elk's Toast)*

Ho, gentlemen! Lift your glasses up,
 Each gallant, each swain and lover!
 A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup—
 A laugh for the foam spilt over!
 For the soul is aflame and the heart beats high,
 And care has unloosed its tether.
 "Now drink," said the sage, "for tomorrow we die"—
 So, let's have a toast together!
 Swing the goblet aloft, to the lips let it fall,

Then bend you the knee to address her,
And drink, gentle sirs, to the queen of them all—
To the woman that's good—God bless her!

O youth is a madcap, and Time is a churl,
Pleasure calls and remorse follows after;
The world hustles on in its pitiless whirl,
With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.
But there's one gentle heart in its bosom of white—
The maid with the tender eyes gleaming—
Who has all the wealth of my homage tonight,
Where she lies in her innocent dreaming.
And a watch over her my spirit shall keep,
While the angels lean down to caress her,
And I'll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep—
The woman that's good—God bless her!

Ah, Bohemia's honey is sweet to the sip,
And the song and the dance are alluring—
The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip
Had a charm that was very enduring;
But out from the music and smoke-wreaths and lace
Of that world of the tawdrily clever,
There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
That has chased away folly forever!
And I pledge my last toast, ere I go to my rest—
O fortunate earth to possess her!—
To the dear tender heart in the pure white breast
Of the woman that's good—God bless her!



Love

Nothing more incites to everything noble and generous,
than virtuous Love.



We pardon as long as we love.



Love is of all the passions the strongest; for it attacks
simultaneously the head, the heart, and the senses.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.



How can we tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can we tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?



No one perfectly loves God who does not perfectly
love some of His creatures.



Love works miracles every day; such as weakening
the strong, and strengthening the weak, making fools of
the wise, and wise men of fools, favoring the passions,
destroying reason, and, in a word, turning everything
topsy-turvy.



It is as absurd to pretend that one cannot love the
same woman always, as to pretend that a good artist
needs several violins to execute a piece of music.



The history of Love would be the history of human-
ity; it would be a beautiful book to write.



What a miserable world! Trouble if we love, and
trouble if we do not love.



Love, which is but an episode in the life of man, is
the entire story of the life of a woman.



Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no
insurance.



Here's to the sweets that are out of sight
And not in our lawful diet,
To the stolen day and pilfered night,
To each and every dear delight,
Including the kiss on the quiet.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.



Here's to Love, a thing so divine;
Description makes it but the less.
'Tis what we feel but cannot define,
'Tis what we know but cannot express.



In her first passion woman loves her lover;
In all the others, all she loves is Love.



Could we forbear dispute and practice Love,
We should agree as angels do above.



Go away from me, I hate you!
Come back to me, I love you!
You are the cause of all my woes,
For you I've sold all my clothes,
But God knows,
With all my woes,
I love you still.



Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
To plunge us in yon cooling stream;
Then, hastening to the festal bower,
We'll pass in mirth the evening hour!
'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."

Dan Cupid gave a picnic
Once on a summer's day,
And invited all the other Loves
To join him in his play.
There was Big Love and Little Love,
And the Love that Flies Away,
And Naughty Love and Haughty Love,
And the Love that Loves Alway;
And Long Love and Strong Love,
And Love for the Happy Hour,
And Love that Loves for Love Alone,
And Love with the Visage Sour.
Yet the picnic proved a failure,
For the best Loves stayed away—
The Constant Love and the Tender Love,
And the Love that ne'er says Nay.



Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other every wish they give—
Not to know Love is not to live.



No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.



Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I—
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blush'd yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands? Ah, then,
I'll have to say Good-night again.



'Tis said that absence conquers Love;
But oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

I love your lips when they're wet with wine,
And warm with a wild desire;
I love your eyes when their light divine
Is lost in a passionate fire;
I love your arms when their white, hot flesh
Burns me in close embrace;
I love your hair when its strands enmesh
My kisses against your face.

Not for me the cold, calm kiss,
Or a virgin's bloodless love;
Not for me the saint's white bliss,
The spotless breast of a dove;
Not for me the love that lives
For a sinless, soulful aim,
But the love that its riches freely gives,
And laughs though the whole world blame.

So kiss me sweet with your warm, wet mouth,
Still fragrant with rosy wine;
Say with the fervor that's born in the South,
Your body and soul are mine;
Clasp me close till the break of day,
While the pale stars smile above,
And we'll laugh our long, wild lives away
In the joy of a living love.



I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of long ago;
To the splendor, caught from Orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes;
Her large eyes filled with the fire of the south,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.



Precious fingers, precious toes,
Precious eyes and precious nose,
Precious chin and precious lip,
Precious fool that lets 'em slip.

Love is an insane desire on the part of a chump to pay
a woman's board-bill for life.

O! love! love! laddie.
Love's like a dizziness!
It winna let a puir body
Gang about his business.

—*Hogg.*

Let the man who does not wish to be idle, fall in love.

—*Ovid.*

Sweet tears—the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection; far too big for words.

I count my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,
And nights; these are my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, fast the hours flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me.
If thou art far, the birds' tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly
is better than not to be able to love at all.

—*Thackeray.*

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

—*Maore.*

How sad and bad and mad it was!—
But then, how it was sweet!

—*Robert Browning.*

'Tis better to have lived and loved
Than never to have lived at all.

May we have those in our arms that we love in our
hearts.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower.
—*Campbell.*



Kisses

Fill the bowl with flowing wine,
And while yours lips are wet
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget.

Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.



The purest kiss in the world
Is this:

The kiss that a mother lays
On her boy's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss in the world
Is this:

The first long kiss of love;
When time is not,
And earth's forgot
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss in the world
Is this:

The kiss on unanswering clay;
When dead lips tell
We must sob farewell
Till the dawn of the judgment day.



The only true language of love is a kiss.



From the heights of Heaven to the depths of Hell,
Damn me the man who will kiss a girl and go to his
friends and tell.

So in life, the aims we miss
 Will shine forever bright,
 And leave a fragrance like the kiss
 I failed to get that night.
 Ah, years may come and years may go,
 But ne'er shall I forget
 The sweetest kiss I'll ever know—
 The kiss I did not get.



If kissing were the only joy in bed,
 One woman would another woman wed.



Give me kisses! Nay, 'tis true
 I am just as rich as you;
 And for every kiss I owe
 I can pay you back, you know.
 Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again. —*Saxe.*



As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
 When soul meets soul on lovers' lips.



A kiss is a noun both common and proper,
 Not very singular, and agrees with both you and me.



Yesterday's yesterday while today's here,
 Today is today till tomorrow appear,
 Tomorrow's tomorrow until today's past,
 And kisses are kisses as long as they last.



Kisses warm, kisses cold,
 Kisses timid, kisses bold,
 Kisses joyful, kisses sad,
 Kisses good, kisses bad,
 Here's to kisses new and old,
 Pass the bowl ere I go mad.

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
If you ask for a kiss she will call you down;
Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
If you ask for one—she will say, take two.



Never a lip is curved in pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again.
—*Harte.*



They say there's microbes in a kiss,
This rumor is most rife,
Come lady dear, and make of me
An invalid for life.



Here's to the girl who's bound to win
Her share at least of blisses,
Who knows enough not to go in
When it is raining kisses.



Unto that flowery cup I bent once more,
Again she showed no seeming to abhor,
But at the third kiss all she asked me was,
"Is this all you came to see me for?"
—*Wallace Irwin.*



Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score;
Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred—so kiss on,
To make that thousand up to a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.



Here's head first, in a foaming glass!
Here's head first, to a lively lass!
Here's head first, for a bit of kissing,
For the good don't know the fun they're missing!

You will find, my dear boy, that the dearly-prized kiss,
Which with rapture you snatched from the half-willing
Miss,

Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses
You give the same girl when you've made her a Mrs.

It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved,
is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears
are on them.

And when my lips meet thine
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.

There is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long,
lingering, loving, present one; the stolen, or the mutual
one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the
seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfillment. Is it
strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose
armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs and tears?

It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its
sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

There once was a maiden of Siam,
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
"If you kiss me, of course
You will have to use force,
But God knows you're stronger than I am."

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented
kissing. —*Swift.*

Here's to the red of the holly berry,
And to its leaf so green;
And here's to the lips that are just as red,
And the fellow who's not so green.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet
absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing,
the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy

it. The Baby's right, the Lover's privilege, the Hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; to an old maid, charity.

People who throw kisses are mighty near hopelessly lazy.

If I were but a cocktail when
My lady needs a bracer,
Her lips I'd kiss—I told her this,
But she replied, "Nay, nay, sir!"

"A cocktail you can never be,
Forgive me if I say, sir,
You ne'er can be much more to me
Than just a simple chaser!"

—*Town Topics.*

The hoods that cover free heads: Bachelorhood and Widowhood.

May we kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss.

Sweetheart

Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

—*U. S. Navy Toast.*

Here's to the Chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread,—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh! wilderness were paradise enow!

—*Omar Khayyam.*

Here's to one and only one,
 And may that one be she
 Who loves but one and only one,
 And may that one be me.

The girl we love! when she is our Toast we don't
 want any but her.

To my sweetheart—she is not a Goddess,
 An angel, a lily or a pearl,
 She's just that which is sweetest,
 Completest and neatest,
 A dear little, queer little, sweet little girl.

Here's to the prettiest,
 Here's to the wittiest,
 Here's to the truest of all who are true;
 Here's to the sweetest one,
 Here's to the neatest one,
 Here's to them all in one—here's to you.

Take a hall, dim lit,
 A pair of stairs where two may sit;
 Of music soft, a bar or so;
 Two spoons of—just two spoons, you know;
 Of little love pats, one or two,
 Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
 A waist—the size to be embraced,
 And two ripe lips, rose red, to taste;
 And if the lips are soft and sweet,
 You'll find your happiness complete.

I ne'er could any lustre see
 In eyes that would not look on me;
 I ne'er found nectar on a lip
 But where my own did hope to sip.

—*Sheridan.*

The quarrels of lovers are like summer showers, that
 leave the country more verdant and beautiful.

Here's to the maid who is thrifty,
And knows it is folly to yearn,
And picks out a lover of fifty,
Because he has money to burn.



Oh! rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law,
Beyond its own sweet will.



—Whittier.

Rejected lovers need never despair; there are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.



Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad;
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For kisses and lasses, like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.



Bride and Groom

Here's to the health of the happy pair,
May good luck meet them everywhere,
And may each day of wedded bliss
Be always just as sweet as this!



Let us drink to the health of the bride,
Let us drink to the health of the groom,
Let us drink to the Parson who tied,
And to every guest in the room!



Here's to the Union for which we fought
And this "Union" just begun,
"Two souls with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one!"



These two, now standing hand in hand,
Remind us of our native land,
For when to-day they linked their fates,
They entered the United States!

Here's to the Wedding Belles! May the wise young men continue to "ring" them!



The Happy Couple—May we all live to be present at their golden wedding.



Our Newly Made Benedick—May he never be like the light-headed candle or the wicked lamp and go out nights when he shouldn't.



Cling closer, closer, life to life,
 Cling closer, heart to heart;
 The time will come, my own wed wife,
 When you and I must part!
 Let nothing break our band but Death,
 For in the world above
 'Tis the breaker Death that soldereth
 Our ring of wedded love.



Marriage

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
 A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

—*Simonides.*



Here's to matrimony—the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.



Matrimony is a partnership with one silent partner.



Another paradox is the fact that a rich girl often makes a poor wife.



Putting the wedding ring on a woman's finger does not change her nature. Many discover this when it is too late.



God made woman both beautiful and foolish—beautiful, that man might love her; foolish, that she might love him.

There is nothing new in trial marriages. According to some people, every marriage is a trial.

Before a man's married he's a dude; after marriage he's subdued. Before marriage he has no buttons on his shirt; after marriage he has no shirt. Before marriage he swears he would not marry the best woman in the world; after marriage he finds that he hasn't.

Love is the wine of life and marriage is the morning after.

All men are born free and equal, but some get married.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout;
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

Wife

God bless our wives,
They keep our hives
In little Bees and honey;
They darn our socks,
They soothe life's shocks—
And don't they spend the money.

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had? —*Saxe.*

You may write it on his tombstone,
You may cut it on his card,
That a young man married
Is a young man marred. —*Kipling.*

When we go home late, may we find our wives where
Cain found his—in the land of Nod.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

—*Pope.*



With wine of love I fill the goblet of my heart,
And drain it at one draught, to drink to thee:—
One man's love of his life has been no thing apart:—
God thank thee, dear, for all thou'st been to me!

—*French.*



Here's to the halo that crowned her head,
When at her feet I tarried,
And here's to the hats she wears instead,
Since she and I were married.



When a married woman goes out to look after her
rights, her husband is usually left at home to look after
his wrongs.



Mother

Answers to the question "what is Mother?" given by
supposedly feeble-minded school children of New York:

She's what you chop wood for.

She's what feeds you.

She's what put clothes and shoes on you.

She keeps care of you.

She's who's good to you.

She's your creator.

She's what's dead on to me.

Best composite portrait of a mother ever painted.



Why is it that the average mother does not want her
daughter to do the things she did when a girl?



Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

—*Tennyson.*

Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just);
 They know a simple, merry, tender knack
 Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
 And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
 And kissing full sense into empty words;
 Which things are corals to cut life upon,
 Although such trifles. —*E. B. Browning.*



For a while a mother worries for fear her daughter
 will get married. And then for a longer while she
 worries for fear daughter won't get married.



The mother, in her office, holds the key
 Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
 Of character, and makes the being who would be a
 savage,
 But for her gentle cares, a Christian man,
 Then crown her Queen o' the world.



"An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is
 worth a pound of clergy." —*T. W. Higginson.*



Mother is the name of God in the lips and hearts of
 little children. —*Thackeray.*



Here's to the happiest hours of my life—
 Spent in the arms of another man's wife:
 My mother!



We have toasted our sweethearts,
 Our friends and our wives,
 We have toasted each other
 Wishing all merry lives;
 Don't frown when I tell you
 This toast beats all others,
 But drink one more toast, boys—
 A toast to—Our Mothers.

Mothers are the only goddesses in whom the whole world believes.



Here's long life to the mother-in-law,
With all her freaks and capers,
For without our "dear old ma,"
What would become of comic papers?



With cruel pang she gave thee life—
She and no other,
Thou canst replace friend, husband, wife,
But not thy mother.



They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.



Now, with wine as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whilst I give my hand, heart and head;
Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo and wed.



—Hood.

Childhood

Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed
by no memories of outlived sorrow. —George Eliot.



Better to be driven out from among men than to be
disliked of children. —R. H. Dana.



Willie to the circus went,
He thought it was immense;
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

—*Dryden.*



Youth measures the future with the straight, new ruler
of the present; Old Age, by the frayed and patched
plumb-line of the past.



There are little eyes upon you, and they're watching
night and day;
There are little ears that quickly take in every word
you say;
There are little hands all eager to do everything you do,
And a little boy that's dreaming of the day he'll be
like you.

You're the little fellow's idol, you're the wisest of the
wise;
In his little mind about you no suspicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly, holds that all you say
and do
He will say and do in your way when he's grown up
just like you.

Oh, it sometimes makes me shudder when I hear my
boy repeat
Some careless phrase I've uttered in the language of
the street;
And it sets my heart to grieving when some little fault
I see
And I know beyond all doubting that he picked it up
from me.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow who believes you're
always right,
And his ears are always open and he watches day and
night.
You are setting an example every day in all you do
For the little boy who's waiting to grow up to be like you.

A boy can attract as much attention by keeping clean as a girl can by keeping dirty.



He is a wise son who knows that he knows less than his father.



Modesty is like a little girl, because it becomes a woman.



Home

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.



The father's kingdom; the child's paradise; the mother's world.



A world of strife shut out, and a world of love shut in.



The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity.



The place where you are treated best and grumble most.



The flower of the family usually keeps away from the flour in the kitchen.



Home is a place where you can take off your new shoes and put on your old manners.



You can exercise the same muscles beating a carpet that you do playing golf.



We make our friends, we make our enemies, but God makes our next-door neighbors.



Kindness goes a long ways lots o' times when it ought t' stay at home.

—Abe Martin.

The beauty of the house is order; the blessing of the house is contentment; the glory of the house is hospitality; the crown of the house is godliness.



The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
—Swift.



Half the world doesn't know how many things the other half is paying instalments on.



The cooing stops with the honeymoon, but the billing goes on forever.



East, West; Home's best.



Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care—
To stay at home is best.



By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining;
From love so sweet, O, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.



A baby will make love stronger, days shorter, nights longer, bank-roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future worth living for.



Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?



A little house well fill'd, a little field well till'd,
And a little wife well will'd, are great riches.

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
 Like snail, should keep within her door;
 But not, like snail, with silver track,
 Place all her wealth upon her back.



If you would escape envy, abuse and taxes, you must
 live in a deep well and come out only in the night.



'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.



Some men never become homesick, because they are
 not at home enough.



Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words: health, peace, and competence.



All places are distant from heaven alike.



Laughter

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.



Some take their gold in minted mold,
 And some in harps hereafter;
 But give me mine in tresses fine,
 And keep the change in laughter.



Laugh and the world laughs with you; snore, and you
 sleep alone.



Come fill a bumper, fill it round,
 May mirth, and wine and wit abound,
 In them alone true wisdom lies—
 For to be merry's to be wise.



The most completely lost of all days is the one on
 which we have not laughed.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die;
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.



Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore;
 While we're quaffing,
 Let's have laughing,
 Who the devil cares for more?



Laugh a little more at your own troubles and a little
 less at your neighbor's.



Smile a while, and while you smile another smiles,
 And soon there's miles and miles of smiles,
 And life is worth while because you smile.



Music

Music is the universal language of mankind.

—*Longfellow.*



Music that gentler on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

—*Tennyson.*



There are always a lot of good fiddlers in the poor
 house.



The musical young woman who dropped her peekaboo
 waist in the piano player and turned out a Beethoven
 sonata, has her equal in the lady who stood in front of
 a five-bar fence and sang all the dots on her veil.



Blest be Love, to whom we owe
 All that's fair and bright below;
 Song was cold and Painting dim,
 Till Song and Painting learned from him.

Speaking of real music: How about a woman singing at her work?



Be a good teakettle. Though up to your neck in hot water, continue to sing!



Of course the director of the orchestra is one of our leading citizens.



Music is the language of the soul; jazz is its profanity.



Pianos, drums, phonographs, and a residence on a railroad are all recommended as sound investments.



"Remember, son," said Uncle Eben, "you mus' have judgment as well as enthusiasm. Good intentions is responsible foh some o' de worst singin' in de choir."



Prohibition has at least reduced the number of men who think they can sing.



'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

—George Eliot.



If a man tells a woman she has a musical laugh, she will fall for any joke he may get off.



Beauty

The whisper of a beautiful Woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.



If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

—Emerson.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.



We meet in society many attractive women whom we
would fear to make our wives.



He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up a week
They say, with painter's colic.



The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked;
Bare are the quivering limbs of the shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?



In good looks I am not a star.
There are others more lovely by far.
But my face—I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it—
It's the people in front that I jar.



Beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the
holder and the beholder.



Little dabs of powder,
Little specks of paint,
Make my lady's freckles
Look as if they ain't.



It often happens in the same family that daughter
puts in the whole morning developing her hips and bust,
and mother puts in the whole afternoon reducing her
hips and bust.

Flowers

Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

Flowers are love's truest language.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made
and forgot to put a soul into.

Your voiceless lives, O flowers, are living preachers.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.

The heart, like the rose, must be crushed ere it yields
its sweetest fragrance.

Yet, no, not words, for they
But half can tell Love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing;
A once bright rose's withered leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,
Oh, these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.

Women are in the moral world what flowers are in
the physical.

There is no gathering the rose without being pricked
by the thorns.

In the sweet language of Love, O, gentle flower,
Say to her I adore her.

Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood nymph wild.
Even the gods who walk the sky
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.



The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn
the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only
roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have
lost their beauty.

—*Hannah More.*



Coquette

The heart of a coquette is like a rose—of which the
lovers pluck the leaves, leaving only the thorns for the
husband.



Women give themselves to God when the devil wants
nothing more to do with them.



There is no more agreeable companion than the
Woman who loves us.



God created the coquette as soon as he made the fool.



There are but few ballroom gowns that cover a warm
heart.



I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.



It is easier for a Woman to defend her virtue against
men, than her reputation against women.



Here's to the ships of our navy,
Here's to the ladies of our land,
May the former be well rigged,
And the latter be well manned.

Here's to the dearest
 Of all things on earth.
 (Dearest precisely—
 And yet of full worth.)
 One who lays siege to
 Susceptible hearts.
 (Pocket-books also—
 That's one of her arts!)
 Drink to her, toast her,
 Your banner unfurl—
 Here's to the priceless
 American Girl!

✻ —*Walter Pulitzer.*

What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger
 Is Woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
 And what a whirlpool, full of depth and danger,
 Is all the rest about her!

✻

I told the story to my stenographer. She laughed so
 she fell off my lap.

✻

Bachelor

Here's to the bachelor, so lonely and gay,
 For it's not his fault, he was born that way.
 And here's to the spinster, so lonely and good,
 For it's not her fault—she hath done what she could.

✻

A pipe, a book, a fire, a friend,
 A stein that's always full,
 Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,
 A life that is never dull.

✻

Bachelors are providential beings; God created them
 for the consolation of widows and the hope of maids.

✻

A dinner, coffee and cigars,
 Of friends, a half a score,
 Each favorite vintage in its turn—
 What man could wish for more?

Pass me the wine. To those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate and deep
I pour libation.

—*Dobson.*

Here's a health to those we love best—
Our noble selves—God bless us;
None better and many a damn sight worse.
Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall, perhaps, not do it to-morrow.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

I would advise a young man to pause
Before he takes a wife;
In fact I see no earthly cause
Why he should not pause for life.

He is not worthy of the honeycomb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings.
—*Shakespeare.*

Friendship

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
—*Emerson.*

Friendship's the wine of life.
Let's drink of it and to it.

You are my friends, for you have smiled with me,
My help and hope in fair and stormy weather;
I like you for the joys you've whiled with me,
I love you for the griefs we've wept together.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.
—*Longfellow.*

I give you a toast to Friendship,
Sincere, twice-tried and true,
That smiles in the hour of triumph,
And laughs at its joy with you,
Yet stands in the night of sorrow
Close by where the shadows fall,
And never turns the picture
Of an old friend to the wall.

A health to you,
And wealth to you,
And the best that life can give to you.
May Fortune still be kind to you,
And Happiness be true to you,
And life be long and good to you,
Is the toast of all of your friends to you!

May bad luck follow you all the days of your life,
and never overtake you.

May your shadow never grow less.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.

—Emerson.

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain, "in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him! Where found make a note of.'"

—Dickens.

O let be with me to the end
A book, a bottle and a friend.
Fate be not niggard of these three,
Should fortune come!

Here's to the four hinges of friendship—Lying, Stealing, Swearing and Gambling. When you lie, lie in a good cause; when you steal, steal away from bad company; when you swear, swear by your country; and when you gamble, gamble on your own future;—and when you drink, drink with me.



Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.



We need the friendship of a man in great trials; of a woman in the affairs of every day life.



The Lord gives our relatives,
Thank God we can choose our friends.



I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.



Rare as is true love, true friendship is rarer.



The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for.



May we ever be able to serve a friend and noble enough to conceal it.



May the wing of friendship never moult a feather.

—*Dickens.*



Here's champagne to our real friends, and real pain to our sham friends.



If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him ere Life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend until he's dead?

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,—
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

—*Cowper.*

Never yet was noble man but made ignoble talk:
He makes no friend who never made a foe.

Here's to the friends we class as old,
And here's to those we class as new;
May the new grow to us old,
And the old ne'er grow to us new.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe!
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from a faithless friend!

Good Cheer

Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both.

—*Shakespeare.*

Moderation is the pleasure of the wise.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star.

A chicken hates to be roasted, but some of them do not mind being stewed.

Reason should direct and appetite obey.

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;

But civilized men cannot live without cooks.
 We may live without books—
 What is knowledge but grieving.
 We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving.
 We may live without love—what is passion but pining;
 But where is the man who can live without dining?
 —*Meredith.*

Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life.

Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit, and
 sprinkle over it the charm of good fellowship. Never
 poison it with the cares of life.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
 Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today.
 —*Sydney Smith.*

All human history attests
 That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
 Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.
 —*Byron.*

Guest and Host

Here's a toast to the host who carved the roast;
 And a toast to the hostess—may she never "roast" us.

By the bread and salt, by the water and wine,
 Thou art welcome, friend, at this board of mine.
 —*French.*

Here's a health to thee and thine
 From the hearts of me and mine;
 And when thee and thine
 Come to see me and mine,
 May me and mine make thee and thine
 As welcome as thee and thine
 Have ever made me and mine.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning—
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
 A thousand welcomes you'll find here before you,
 The oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

✽

I thank you for your welcome which was cordial,
 And your cordial, which is welcome.

✽

Well, here's your good health and your families', and
 may they live long and prosper. —*Joseph Jefferson.*

✽

Let us drink to the maker of the feast, our friend and
 host. May his generous heart, like his good wine, only
 grow mellow with the years.

✽

So health and love to all your mansion;
 Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth, joy and song your board illumine.

✽

Here's to thee and thy folks from me and my folks;
 And, if thee and thy folks love me and my folks
 As much as me and my folks love thee and thy folks,
 Then there never was folks since folks was folks
 Love me and my folks as much as thee and thy folks.

✽ Man

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
 At thirty, tame, if ever;
 At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
 At sixty, good, or never!

✽

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is
 much the same sort of a compliment as to say of a horse
 that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.

—*Puck.*

✽

If you marry a widow it is safe to take one whose first
 trial served a term in jail, then you won't have the per-
 fect example always held up before you.

Men are four:

He who knows and knows not that he knows—

He is asleep—wake him;

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not—

He is a fool—shun him;

He who knows not and knows that he knows not—

He is a child—teach him;

He who knows and knows that he knows—

He is a king—follow him.



Women talk among themselves about other people.
Men talk to other people about themselves.



It is admitted that married men have better halves but it is claimed that bachelors generally have better quarters.



Weep and you are called a baby,
Laugh and you are called a fool,
Yield and you're called a coward,
Stand and you're called a mule,
Smile and they'll call you silly,
Frown and they'll call you gruff,
Put on a front like a millionaire,
And somebody calls you a bluff.



When a man has a birthday he takes a day off, but when a woman has a birthday she takes a year off.



The more one sees of men the more one likes dogs.



All mankind is divided into three classes: those that are immovable, those that are movable, and those that move.

—*Arabian Proverb.*



For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.



Some men are like rusty needles; the best way to clean and brighten them is with work.

Life

Who well lives, long lives; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, days, and hours.

Life's an aquatic meet—some swim, some dive, some
back water, some float and the rest—sink.

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on.

—Robert Browning.

May you live as long as you like,
And have what you like as long as you live.

Reason thus with life: If I do lose thee, I do lose a
thing that none but fools would keep.

This life of ours is a wild aeolian harp of many a joyous
strain;
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as
of souls in pain.

A child wishes tomorrow to come; in middle life we
want the day to last longer; when age approaches we
compare yesterday and today with tomorrow, and care
not how time passes.

I'd rather be a beggar and spend my money like a
king, than to be a king and spend it like a beggar.

Here's that you may live a thousand years,
And I the same time less one day;
For I would not care to live one hour
After you have passed away.

A light heart lives long.

Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight line and thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee.

Every day should be passed
As though it were to be our last.

Life is a jest, and all things show it—
I thought so once, but now I know it.

Death

All care to the wind we merrily fling,
For the damp, cold grave is a dead sure thing!
It's a dead sure thing we're alive tonight
And the damp, cold grave is out of sight.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

—*Longfellow.*

But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessens like sound of friends' departing feet;
And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end.

First time he went to church they threw water on him.
The second time they threw rice on him. The last time
they threw dirt on him.

There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night, without a breath,
To break repose till dawn of day.

Unto the Kingdom of perpetual night.

—*Shakespeare.*

There is no music more for him:
His lights are out, his feast is done;
His bowl that sparkled to the brim
Is drained, is broken, cannot hold.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine;
And he cares for nothing—a king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!
With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

—Omar Khayyam.

For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us drink no more!

The bubble winked at me and said:
“You’ll miss me, brother, when you’re dead.”

Enjoy the play of life, my friend, until
The curtain falls and you have had your fill;
You never can come back if once you go,
For there are no return checks to this show.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

For me, I know naught; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, condemn. And what know you,
Except, perhaps, that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.

All that's bright must fade—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest.
 Stars that shine and fall,
 The flower that drops in springing.
 These, alas! are types of all
 To which our hearts are clinging.
 All that's bright must fade—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest!



Say, what is Life? 'Tis to be born,
 A helpless babe, to greet the light
 With a sharp wail, as if the morn
 Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
 To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
 With sunny smiles between—and then?



Parting

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.



Happy are we met, happy have we been,
 Happy may we part, and happy meet again.



To all, to each, a fair good-night,
 And pleasant dreams and slumbers light!



—Scott.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight—
 Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

I wish thee health,
 I wish thee wealth,
 I wish thee gold in store,
 I wish thee heaven upon earth—
 What could I wish thee more?



Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell.



—*Byron.*

It's hard for you-uns and we-uns;
 It's hard for we-uns to part;
 It's hard for you-uns and we-uns,
 'Cause you-uns has we-uns's heart.



Let us drink to the God of Slumber,
 To his heaven of soft delight;
 And care that the heart doth cumber
 Shall drown in the glass. Good night!



—*W. E. P. French.*

A little time, my dearie,
 To dwell beneath Love's sky;
 And then the night falls dreary—
 Goodby! Goodby! Goodby!

A little time, my dearie,
 To smile, to weep, to sigh;
 And then with hearts grown weary—
 Goodby! Goodby! Goodby!

A little time—the morrow
 Will light a lovelier sky;
 And then kiss hands to sorrow—
 Goodby! Goodby! Goodby!



Oratory

Every rose has its thorn,
 There's fuzz on all the peaches;
 There never was a dinner yet
 Without some lengthy speeches.

The law schools turn out a good many orators. I don't blame them.



When Daniel got into the lions' den and looked around he thought to himself, "Whoever's got to do the after-dinner speaking, it won't be me."



In general those who have nothing to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.
—Lowell.



Many a good story-teller at the club cannot make his wife believe him when he arrives home.



Recipe for an After-dinner Speech

Three long breaths.

Compliment to the audience.

Funny story.

Outline of what speaker is *not* going to say.

Points that he will touch on later.

Two Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Outline of what speaker *is* going to say.

Points that he has not time to touch on now.

Reference to what he said first.

Funny story.

Compliment to the audience.

Ditto to our City, State and Country.

Applause.

N. B. For an oration, use same formula, repeating each sentence three times in slightly different words.

—Mary Eleanor Roberts.



A wise old owl sat in an oak.

The more he heard the less he spoke,

The less he spoke the more he heard.

Why aren't you like that old bird?



"A whole lot o' de talk dat goes 'round," said Uncle Eben, "ain' no mo' real help in movin' forward dan de squeak in an axle."

The pork packers are now canning the squeal of the hogs and selling to the defeated politicians.

When you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.

When a man hasn't anything to say
That is the best time not to say it.

There are many soda-pop people in the world who, after they have been uncorked a little while, become very flat.

Thou must be true thyself, if thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart to give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts shall be world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy words shall prove as fruitful seed;
Act truly, and thy life shall be a grand and noble creed.

A lot of men get the idea that they are breezy when they are merely windy.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Nothing is said now that has not been said before.
—*Terence, 159 B. C.*

We like a speech to be like a woman's dress: Long enough to take in the principal part, yet short enough to make it interesting.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

Listening is the sincerest form of flattery.

“De truth ain’t allus easy to git at,” said Uncle Eben.
“A man kin sometimes say sumpin’ in half a minute dat
he can’t explain in five years.”

The sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of
a public man is the applause of the people.

The Professions

Fond of doctors, little health;
Fond of lawyers, little wealth.

Of the professions it may be said that soldiers are be-
coming too popular, parsons too lazy, physicians too mer-
cenary and lawyers too powerful. —Colton.

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem; but although we sneer
In health—when ill we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.

—Byron.

You cannot judge the ability of a physician by the
praise the undertakers bestow upon him.

And Nathan, being sick, trusted not in the Lord, but
sent for a physician—and Nathan was gathered unto
his fathers. —Old Testament.

Physicians are highly respectable men,
Relieving our sickness and pains;
Professional dignity clothes them, but then
Their fees are all “ill-gotten” gains.

’Twould make a suffering mortal grin,
And laugh away dull care,
If he could see his dentist in
Another dentist’s chair.

The barber is the village cut-up.



The Actor—A paradox, who plays when he works
and works when he plays.



Here's to the Actor, friendliest of men!
Who "takes the part" of others now and then,
And if with a comrade he gets in a rage
He's sure to "make up" ere he seeks the stage!



The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers.

—*Henry VI.*



"Virtue in the middle," said the Devil, as he seated
himself between two lawyers.



Justice while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

—*Butler.*



Here's to bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to groom and father-in-law,
Here's to sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law.



The Press—where it is free, the people are free.
Where it is fettered, they are slaves.



We editors may dig and toil
Till our fingertips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."



Here shall the Press the People's right maintain;
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain.

—*Joseph Story.*

You can always tell a barber
 By the way he parts his hair;
 You can always tell a dentist
 When you're in the dentist's chair;
 And even a musician—
 You can tell him by his touch;
 You can always tell a printer,
 But you cannot tell him much.



If lying were a capital crime,
 The hangman would work overtime.



Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
 He preached to all men everywhere
 The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
 The new commandment given to men,
 Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
 Would help us in our utmost need.



—*Longfellow.*

Plagiarism may be a sin, but it's the life of some
 sermons.



What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
 About two hundred pounds a year,
 And that which was proved true before,
 Proved false again. Two hundred more.



—*Butler.*

I like to go to church to hear one man talk and keep
 fifty women still.



It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into
 the belfry.

—*Longfellow.*



Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.

—*Douglas Jerrold.*



There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

—*Tennyson.*

A God alone can comprehend a God.

—*Young.*

The creed of the true saint is to make the best of life,
and make the most of it.

The true and the false speak the same language.

The most lucrative commerce has ever been that of
hope, pleasure, and happiness; it is the commerce of
authors, women, priests, and kings.

Christmas

I will, if you will,
devote my Christmas giving to the children and the
needy,
reserving only the privilege of, once in a while,
giving to a dear friend a gift which then will have
the old charm of being a genuine surprise.

I will, if you will,
keep the spirit of Christmas in my heart, and,
barring out hurry, worry, and competition,
will consecrate the blessed season, in joy and
love,
to the One whose birth we celebrate.

—*Jane Porter Williams.*

Here's to the day of good will, cold weather and
warm hearts.

I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good
time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time
when men and women seem by one consent to open their
hearts freely; and so I say "God bless Christmas."

—*Dickens.*

To the great American Birds: May we have them
where we love them best, the Turkeys on our tables and
the Eagles in our pockets.

Drink you all right heartily,
Make good cheer and be right merry,
And sing with us now joyfully.

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year.
Welcome Yule.

'Twas the month after Christmas,
And Santa had flit;
Came there tidings for father
Which read; "Please remit!"

To Full Stomachs and Merry Hearts.

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all to be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

—*Herrick.*

Patriotism

Our Country, our whole country,
And nothing but our country.

—*Daniel Webster.*

Here's to Columbia, free laws and a free church,
From their blessings may plotters be left in the
lurch;
Give us pure candidates and a pure ballot-box,
And our freedom shall stand as firm as the rocks.

Our hearts where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith, and our hope and our honor,
We pledge to our native soil.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of
true patriotism.

—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations
may she always be in the right; but our country, right
or wrong.

—*Stephen Decatur.*

Our Country! When right to be kept right; when
wrong to be put right!

—*Carl Schurz.*

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our nation forever!

A star for every State and a State for every star!

—*Robt. C. Winthrop.*

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on for ever.

I give you England and America. May there never
be any dividing line but the Atlantic between them.

—*Charles Dickens.*

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight—let come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever.

Tobacco

He who doth not smoke hath either known no great
griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next
to that which comes from heaven. —*Bulwer-Lytton.*

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a
Smoke.

—*Kipling.*

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
 In learned doctors' spite;
 Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
 And lap me in delight.



Tobacco is a dirty weed—

I like it.

It satisfies no moral need—

I like it.

It makes you fat, it makes you lean,
 It takes the hair right off your bean,
 It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen—
 I like it.



And when my love her cigarette
 Lights up, while I my good pipe get,
 What keeps us loving comrades yet?
 Tobacco.



Divine in hookas, glorious in pipe,
 When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 Most dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar.

—Byron.



Here's to man:—he is like a kerosene lamp; he is not especially bright; he is often turned down; he generally smokes; and he frequently goes out at night.



Tobacco, I do assert, without fear of contradiction from the Avon Skylark, is the most soothing, sovereign and precious weed that ever our dear old mother Earth tendered to the use of man! Let him who would contradict that most mild, but sincere and enthusiastic assertion, look to his undertaker. Sir Walter, your health!

—Ben Jonson to Raleigh in the Mermaid Tavern.

Moderation

Wine is good,
Love is good,
And all is good if understood;
The sin is not in doing,
But in overdoing.
How much of mine has gone that way!
Alas! how much more that may!

The juice of the grape is given to him who will
use it wisely,
As that which cheers the heart of man after toil,
Refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in
sorrow.

He who enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine
cup as for his daily bread;
And he who abuses the gift of heaven is not a
greater fool than thou in thine abstinence.

Two ears and but a single tongue
By nature's laws to man belong.
The lesson she would teach is clear,
Repeat but half of what you hear.

Here's to the man who is wisest and best,
Here's to the man who with judgment is blest.
Here's to the man who's as smart as can be—
I mean the man who agrees with me.

A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again. —*Burns.*

I takes my pipe, I takes my pot;
And drunk I am never seen to be;
I'm no teetotaler, or sot,
And as I am I mean to be. —*Gilbert.*

Wine

When Father Time swings round his scythe,
Intomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,
So that its juices red and blythe
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.

—*Eugene Field.*

Here's to the heart that fills as the bottle empties.

Wine is wont to show the mind of man.

—*Theognis.*

Man being reasonable must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication;
Glory, the grape, love, gold—in these are sunk
The hopes of all men and of every nation.

—*Byron.*

Which is the properest day to drink—

Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Each is the properest day, I think,

Why should I name but one day?

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul, it bids the coward fight:
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.

—*Horace.*

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

—*Omar Khayyam.*

Fire proves the treasure of the mine,
The soul of man is proved by wine.



If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

—*Moore.*



Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.
Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on! And, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.



Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

—*Goldsmith.*



So a cup ere we part to the man of our heart,
Old Noah, the primitive grower of wine;
And one brimming cup (nay, fill it quite up),
To the angel who gave him the seed of the vine.

—*Saxe.*



A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true;
Blooming health, good store of wealth,
Attend on me and you.



Old wine is wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old
wood burns brightest, old linen washes whitest, old
soldiers' sweethearts are surest and old lovers are
soundest.

—*John Webster.*

One bottle for four of us!
Thank God there's no more of us!



Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as you
please,
Tho' who could fill half-way to toasts such as
these?

Here's our next joyous meeting—and, oh, when
we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as
sweet!
—*Tom Moore.*



May your dream never be better than the drink!



I drink it as the fates ordain it,
Come fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

—*Thackeray.*



Why to me descant of laws,
Promises and legal saws,
When you know that from this rot
I no benefit have got?
Better tell me, I opine,
How to drain a glass of wine;
Better teach me how to play
With fair Venus while I may.



I've been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content;
Come then, at least we many enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment.

—*Tom Moore.*

When Christ, at Cana's feast by power divine,
 Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
 "See!" cried they, while in red'ning tide it
 gushed,
 "The bashful stream hath seen its God and
 blushed."



There is a glorious candor in an honest quart of
 wine,
 A certain inspiration which I cannot well define!
 How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its gur-
 gling seems to say:
 "Come! on a tide of rapture let me float your
 soul away!"



The Flowing Bowl

Who does not love wine, woman and song
 Remains a fool his whole life long.



Let the free soul spurn care's control,
 And while the glad days shine,
 We'll use their beams for Youth's gay dreams
 Of Love and Song and Wine.

—John Hay.



Where is the heart that would not give
 Years of drowsy days and nights,
 One little hour like this to live—
 Full to the brim of life's delight?

—Tom Moore.



A Frenchman drinks his native wine,
 A German drinks his beer,
 An Englishman his 'alf an' 'alf
 Because it brings good cheer;
 The Scotchman drinks his whisky straight
 Because it brings on dizziness,
 An American has no choice at all—
 He drinks the whole damned business.

Mingles with the friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

—*Pope.*

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.

—*Tom Moore.*

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink,—
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

Revelry

Now, then, the songs; but, first, more wine.
The gods be with you, friends of mine!

—*Eugene Field.*

Come, come, good wine
Is a good familiar creature,
If it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

—*Shakespeare.*

Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its
core.

Let us drink!—who would not?
Since through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

—*Byron.*

Come friends, come let us drink again,
This liquid from the nectar vine,
For water makes you dumb and stupid,
Learn this from the fishes—
They cannot sing, nor laugh, nor drink
This beaker full of sparkling wine.

—*Old Dutch Song.*

Wine—bring wine—
 Flushing high with its growth divine,
 In the crystal depth of my soul to shine;
 Whose glow was caught
 From the warmth which Fancy's summer brought
 From the vintage fields in the Land of Thought.
—Bayard Taylor.

Good company, good wine, good welcome, make good
 people. *—Shakespeare.*

Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
 Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
 A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
 And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?
—Omar Khayyam.

Pagans

In men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still;
 In men whom men pronounce divine
 I find so much of sin and blot,
 I hesitate to draw a line
 Between the two, where God has not.

Here's to you, as good as you are,
 And here's to me, as bad as I am;
 And as bad as I am, and as good as you are,
 I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

So many gods, so many creeds,
 So many paths that wind and wind;
 When just the art of being kind
 Is all this sad world needs.

Seek out the good in every man,
 And speak of all the best ye can;
 Then will all men speak well of thee,
 And say how kind of heart ye be.

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and
care;

And, lastly, his egress out of the world,
Is, nobody knows where;

If we do well here, we shall do well there.

I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.



There's no better religion than to be happy. The way
to be happy is to make others happy.



Through this toilsome world, alas,

Once, and only once we pass;

If a kindness we may show,

If a good deed we may do

To our suffering fellow-men,

Let us do it; for 'tis plain,

We shall not pass this way again.



Sinners' Section

*For Bootleggers, Scofflaws, Old Sports and other
Naughty Ones.*

(Not to be read by good folks.)



A dry heaven, and a wet hell;

So it is, prohibitors tell;

But who would to a desert go,

When it's nice and wet and soggy

Down below?



God gave us thirst; we have that yet;

But men made laws to stop supplies;

Till thirst abates, no martinet

Will ever make us willing drys.



When men were free as a matter of course,

Millions of dollars in revenue came;

While now millions go, a law to enforce,

And all but the bootleggers lose at the game.

THE BIG TOAST-BOOK

Wise guys
 Buy supplies;
Dry guys
 Likewise.



Here's to prohibiters and all of their crew;
May their tongues hang out as they want ours to.



There were three fellows "up a tree,"

 Thanks to the Volstead law;
And they were dry as dry could be,
 Thanks to the Volstead law.

Said one poor fish unto his mate,
"What shall we drink to celebrate?"
And they all flapped their arms and cried,
 "To hell with the Volstead law!"



In days of old,
When nights were gold,
Ere Volstead had his sway,
The banquet hall
Brought joy to all;
 But now, alack a day!
 The devil is to pay!



If Christ came today to our land of the free,
And made a jug of wine, as once in Galilee,
The "holier than thou" prohibiting crew
Would prosecute Him as a criminal Jew.



Little drops of water,
That we used to think
Were only made for chasers,
Are now the whole darn drink.



Where has gone the "tempter";
 Where the "demon rum"
Now it's "caveat emptor"
 When the bootleggers come.

ELEGY

Written in a Volstead Graveyard

The curfew tolls the knell of passing joys;
To bed at nine P. M. we weary go;
For pleasure prohibition all destroys,
And leaves our world in darkness and in woe.

In dim funereal gloom we gather round
What oft before we've hailed as "festive" board.
Alas! No more we hear the welcome sound
Of tinkling glasses as libation's poured.

Full oft we've viewed the merry bar-keep smile
As, foot on rail, we've raised the flowing bowl;
Today these thoughts of old our minds beguile,
As retrospection saddens every soul.

Oft did I quaff a stein in idle hour,
Nor give a thought to dry Saharan woe;
Oft jocund high-ball sip, or whiskey sour,
To irrigate esophagus to toe.

No more cash register nor welkin rings;
No ring of suds upon the bar we see;
The only ring that satisfaction brings
Would wring the neck of Volstead devotee.

— C. B. C.

❀
Sinners to right of them,
Sinners to left of them;
Volstead he thundered;
Theirs not to question why,
Theirs but to drink and die—
Per case, one hundred.

❀
Here's to prohibition,
The devil take it!
They've stolen our wine,
So now we make it.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes six;
 The bootlegger's there with moonshine and mule,
 And we're in a hell of a fix.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes six-one;
 There isn't a dram in the cellar tonight,
 And mother and I want to mix one.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes six-two;
 Before prohibition we had wine and beer,
 But the moon we get now soon will fix you.

Dear father said words as he reached in his jeans
 And a hundred fished out of his poke;
 For he thought of the millions his government
 spends
 To make him go dry, or go broke.



Classic Thoughts on Prohibition

I love fools' experiments.—*Darwin*.

The rising world of waters dark and deep.—*Milton*.

Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
 Ante-room of Hell!—*Kingsley*.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

—*Shakespeare*.

The law is a ass, a idiot.—*Dickens*.

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings.—*Holmes*.

The remedy is worse than the disease.—*Bacon*.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.—*Shakespeare*.

Drink today, and drown all sorrow;

You shall perhaps not do't tomorrow.—*Fletcher*.

The Hell of waters!—*Byron*.

The frigid theories of a generalizing age.—*Disraeli*.

O, happy, happy Liver!—*Wordsworth*.

Here's to fanatics, who constantly try
To put something over to keep us all dry;
A law they'll soon pass that a crime you commit
If you kiss your own wife without a permit.



When Christ turned water into wine
There were no drys to scold and whine;
Today prohibitors would rail
And send the Son of God to jail.



A bone-dry nation means a life full of sorrows with-
out any chance of drowning them.



I never will prohibit another man's drinking;
The Bible's Golden Rule is good enough for me;
The most intemperate man, to my way of
thinking,
Is he who makes it law that we must drink the
same as he.



Wise Saws

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart.



No one is so accursed by Fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own.



Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long;
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.



You shall and you shan't,
You will and you won't,
You're condemned if you do,
And you are damned if you don't.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each
other in passing,

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the
darkness.

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one
another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and
a silence.



Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out.



The good die young. Here's hoping that you may
live to a ripe old age.



May you live all the days of your life. —*Swift*.



Philosophizings

The moment past is no longer; the future may be;
the present is all of which man is master.



Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've played, and loved, and ate, and drank
your fill.

Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the
stage.



Paradise must be a tiresome place if it is peopled only
by those saintly souls whose company we so dread here
below.



Strange—is it not?—that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which, to discover, we must travel, too.



None deserves the name of good who has not spirit
enough to be bad.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
 The twilight darkens, the curfew calls;
 The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
 Efface the footprints in the sands,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Here's to a long life and a merry one,
 A quick death and a happy one,
 A good girl and a pretty one,
 A cold bottle and another one.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
 Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
 How few think justly of the thinking few!
 How many never think, who think they do!

May we never condemn that in a brother which we
 would condone in ourselves.

Money talks, but nobody notices what kind of gram-
 mar it uses.

Here's to those who love us,
 And here's to those who don't,
 A smile for those who are willing to,
 And a tear for those who won't.

Yesterday's this day's madness did prepare;
 Tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair,
 Drink! for you know not whence you came nor
 why;
 Drink! for you know not why you go nor where.

—Omar Khayyam.

All who joy would win
 Must share it:—Happiness was born a twin.
 —Byron.

Here's hoping that you may live to eat the hen
 That scratches on your grave.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
 To see oursels as ithers see us!
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us.

—*Burns.*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
 Sermons and soda-water the day after. —*Byron.*

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
 To some good angel leave the rest;
 For all too soon we learn the truth—
 There are no birds in last year's nest.

Little ter-day an' little ter-morrer,
 Out o' meal an' bound ter borrer;
 Hoe cake an' dab o' dough,
 Dash her down and say no mo'.
 Peace at home and pleasure abroad,
 Please your neighbor an' sarve the Lord
 God bless you! —*Sambo's Toast.*

Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long;
 'Tis not with me exactly so,
 But 'tis so in my song.
 My wants are many, and if told
 Would muster many a score;
 And were each wish a mint of gold
 I still would want for more.

God made man frail as a bubble;
 God made love, love made trouble;
 God made the vine—was it a sin
 That man made wine to drown trouble in?

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
 'Twill chase that pensive tear;
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But oh, 'tis more sincere!

Necessities I do not crave,
Give me my proper mead,
But let me have, through all my life,
The things I do not need.
Compel me not to toe the mark,
Be ever prim and true,
But rather let me do those things
That I ought not to do.



Man's inhumanity to man is hard;
In fact 'tis scarce in line with aught that's
human;
And yet 'tis quite angelic as compared
With woman's inhumanity to woman.



These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.



Here's a health to the future,
A sigh for the past,
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last;
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart
We can never grow old.



For one faithful friend there're dozens that sneer,
For one happy laugh there's many a tear,
For one night of joy there're weeks of regret,
Each dollar squandered we seldom forget.
Then don't spend your pennies on nonsense or
trash,
There's no telling when with misfortune you'll
clash;
Go slow, for you'll find when you're all out of
cash,
For one day of turkey there'll be six days of hash.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

Absent-Mindedness

WIFE—"Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six weeks?"

PROF. (who is absent-minded) — "Good heavens, whom have I been kissing then?"



Two men met on the city street in the evening, and had a number of drinks together. The one who lived in the suburbs became confidential, and exhibited a string tied around a finger.

"I don't dare to go home," he explained. "There's something my wife told me to do, without fail, and to make sure I wouldn't forget, she tied that string around my finger. But for the life of me I can't remember what the thing was I am to do. And I don't dare to go home!"

A few days later the two men met again, this time in the afternoon.

"Well," the one asked, "did you finally remember what that string was to remind you of?"

The other showed great gloom in his expression, as he replied:

"I didn't go home until the next night, just because I was scared, and then my wife told me what the string was for all right—she certainly did!" There was a note of pain in his voice. "The string was to remind me to be sure to come home early."



The clergyman drew near to the baptismal font, and directed that the candidates for baptism should now be presented. A woman in the congregation gave a gasp of dismay and turned to her husband, whom she addressed in a strenuous whisper:

"There! I just knew we'd forget something. John, you run right home as fast as you can, and fetch the baby."

This story is told of an absent-minded professor at Drew Theological Seminary. One evening while studying he had need of a book-mark. Seeing nothing else handy, he used his wife's scissors, which lay on the sewing-table. A few minutes later the wife wanted the scissors, but a diligent search failed to reveal them.

The next day the professor appeared before his class and opened his book. There lay the scissors. He picked them up and, holding them above his head, shouted:

"Here they are, dear!"

Yes, the class got it.

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Diggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Diggs. "Did I take the car out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

SHE—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

HE (*absent-mindedly*)—"Yes, my lamb."

Actors

Two actors were boasting about their dramatic exploits.

"Aha, my boy!" said one, "when I played *Hamlet* the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the theatre."

The other looked at him.

"Was he lame?" he inquired gently.

The teacher was giving the class a natural history lecture on Australia. "There is one animal," she said, "none of you have mentioned. It does not stand up on its legs all the time. It does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. What is it?" And the class yelled with one voice, "Charlie Chaplin!"

Sweeping his long hair back with an impressive gesture the visitor faced the proprietor of the film studio. "I would like to secure a place in your moving-picture company," he said.

"You are an actor?" asked the film man.

"Yes."

"Had any experience acting without audiences?"

A flicker of sadness shone in the visitor's eyes as he replied:

"Acting without audiences is what brought me here!"

❧

"There were two actresses in an early play of mine," said an author, "both very beautiful; but the leading actress was thin. She quarreled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying, haughtily: 'Remember, please, that I am the star.'

"'Yes, I know you're the star,' the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress's long, slim figure, 'but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor'!"

❧

The curtain had dropped on the first act of the amateur play. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the youthful stage manager, stepping to the front of the stage, "you will observe that the program says that there is an interval of two years between the first and second acts. This will be fully carried out. The leading lady has just swallowed the powder-puff under the impression that it was a marsh-mallow, and I think it will be about that time before she will be able to go on."

❧

Not long ago a company was rehearsing for an open-air performance of *As You Like It* near Boston. The garden wherein they were to play was overlooked by a rising brick edifice.

One afternoon, during a pause in the rehearsal, a voice from the building exclaimed with the utmost gravity:

"I prithee, malapert, pass me yon brick."

Speaking of moving-picture actors, a good story is told of one who was suing a company for breach of contract. When asked by the court why he claimed so large a sum he replied, "It is because I am the greatest actor in the world."

A few days later some of his friends badgered him about the mighty high opinion of himself expressed in the statement. "I know it must have sounded somewhat conceited," he explained, "but I was under oath, so what could I do?"



Eight-year-old Robert had been ill for nearly a month with tonsilitis, and nothing kept him contented but pictures of his favorite, Charlie Chaplin, clipped from the pages of the motion-picture pictorials.

One morning, as his mother sat beside his bed, he studied earnestly a full-page drawing of the million-dollar comedian.

"Mother," he asked, "will Charlie Chaplin go to heaven?"

"Why, yes—I hope so," answered the somewhat astonished parent.

"Gee! won't the Lord have some fun then!" was Robert's comment.



The late Charles Coghlan was a man of great wit and resource. When he was living in London, his wife started for an out-of-town visit. For some reason she found it necessary to return home, and on her way thither she saw her husband step out of a cab and hand a lady from it. Mrs. Coghlan confronted the pair. The actor was equal to the situation.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "allow me to present Miss Blank. Mrs. Coghlan, Miss Blank."

The two bowed coldly while Coghlan quickly added: "I know you ladies have ever so many things you want to say to each other, so I will ask to be excused."

He lifted his hat, stepped into the cab, and was whirled away.

Nat Goodwin was at the club with an English friend and became the center of an appreciative group. A cigar man offered the comedian a cigar, saying that it was a new production.

"With each cigar, you understand," the promoter said, "I will give a coupon, and when you have smoked three thousand of them you may bring the coupons to me and exchange them for a grand piano."

Nat sniffed the cigar, pinched it gently, and then replied: "If I smoked three thousand of these cigars I think I would need a harp instead of a grand piano."

There was a burst of laughter in which the Englishman did not join, but presently he exploded with merriment. "I see the point," he exclaimed. "Being an actor, you have to travel around the country a great deal and a harp would be so much more convenient to carry."

✻

"Of course, it gets criticized," he said, "and criticism is a good thing, but it can be run into the ground. I am reminded of the vaudeville producer who muttered as he read the press notices of his program, 'These critics are thorough, all right. They don't leave a turn unstoned.'"

✻

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans was noted for its amateur performances. Once, a social celebrity, gorgeous in the costume of a lord-in-waiting, was called upon to say: "The queen has swooned."

As he stepped upon the stage his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and, in a high-pitched voice, said: "The swoon has queened."

There was a roar of laughter. He waited patiently until it had subsided and tried again: "The sween has cooned."

Again the house roared, and the stage manager, in a voice that could be heard all over the theatre, said, "Come off, you doggoned fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was being assisted off the stage, screamed, "The coon has sweened!"

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress, was having her hair dressed by a young woman at her home. The actress was very tired and quiet, but a chance remark from the dresser made her open her eyes and sit up.

"I should have went on the stage," said the young woman complacently.

"But," returned Mrs. Fiske, "look at me—think how I have had to work and study to gain what success I have, and win such fame as is now mine!"

"Oh, yes," replied the young woman calmly; "but then I have talent."



Some time ago a dinner was given in New York at which a well-known actor, who is something of a free-thinker along theological lines, sat at the guest-table. When the hour for starting the feast arrived the toast-master, a very religious man, discovered that no minister of the Gospel was present, though several had been invited. In this emergency he turned to the actor and asked him to say grace.

The actor rose, bowed his head, and in the midst of a deep hush said fervently:

"There being no clergyman present, let us thank God!"



INTERVIEWER—"What sort of girls make the best show-girls?"

STAGE MANAGER—"Those who have the most to show, of course."



SCREEN ACTRESS—"I have a certificate from my doctor saying that I cannot act today."

MANAGER—"Why did you go to all that trouble? I could have given you a certificate saying that you never could act."



THE LEADING WOMAN—"How does Garrette rank as an actor?"

THE COMEDIAN—"He doesn't—he is."

Shortly after Raymond Hitchcock made his first big hit in New York, Eddie Foy, who was also playing in town, happened to be passing Daly's Theatre, and paused to look at the pictures of Hitchcock and his company that adorned the entrance. Near the pictures was a billboard covered with laudatory extracts from newspaper criticisms of the show.

When Foy had moodily read to the bottom of the list, he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Say, have you seen this show?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good? How's this guy Hitchcock, anyhow?"

"Any good?" repeated the young man pityingly. "Why, say, he's the best in the business. He's got all these other would-be side-ticklers lashed to the mast. He's a scream. Never laughed so much at any one in all my life."

"Is he as good as Foy?" ventured Foy hopefully.

"As good as Foy!" The young man's scorn was superb. "Why, this Hitchcock has got that Foy person looking like a gloom. They're not in the same class. Hitchcock's funny. A man with feelings can't compare them. I'm sorry you asked me, I feel so strongly about it."

Eddie looked at him very sternly and then, in the hollow tones of a tragedian, he said:

"I am Foy."

"I know you are," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm Hitchcock!"



Fred Stone, the actor, and Eugene Wood, whose stories and essays are well known, met on Broadway. They stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly short gown passed. Simultaneously, Wood turned to Stone; Stone turned to Wood; then both turned to rubber.

"I am going to make my farewell tour in Shakespeare. What shall be the play? Hamlet? Macbeth?"

"This is your sixth farewell tour, I believe."

"Well, yes."

"I would suggest 'Much Adieu About Nothing'."

A Clergyman once wrote to Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian, asking if he might be admitted to Booth's theatre by a private door, because, though he very much wished to see Booth act, he didn't like the idea of being seen entering a theatre. Booth wrote back, "Sir, there is no door into my theatre through which God can not see."

An actor who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come; this is no amateur performance."

Advertising

"Paw, what is an advertisement?"

"An advertisement is the picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding or driving something that somebody wants to sell."

"What's your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman.

"Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing to a ticket marked, "Given away at 5.20."

"Say, Jim," said the friend of the taxicab-driver, standing in front of the vehicle, "there's a purse lying on the floor of your car."

The driver looked carefully around and then whispered: "Sometimes when business is bad I put it there and leave the door open. It's empty, but you've no idea how many people'll jump in for a short drive when they see it."

Paderewski arrived in a small western town about noon one day and went for a walk. While strolling along he heard a piano, and, following the sound, came to a house on which was a sign reading:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons 25 cents an hour."

Pausing to listen, he heard the young lady trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes, and not succeeding very well.

Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Jones came to the door and recognized him at once. Delighted, she invited him in and he sat down and played the nocturne as only Paderewski can, afterward spending an hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Jones thanked him and he departed.

Some months afterward he returned to the town, and again took the same walk. He soon came to the house of Miss Jones, and, looking at the sign, he read:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons \$1.00 per hour. (Pupil of Paderewski)"



He who finds he has something to sell,
And goes and whispers it down a well,
Is not so apt to collar the dollars,
As he who climbs a tree and hollers.



"Advertising costs me a lot of money."

"Why I never saw your goods advertised."

"They aren't. But my wife reads other people's ads."



In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door.

"Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checkerboard. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."

A lady's leather handbag was left in my car while parked on Park avenue two weeks ago. Owner can have same by calling at my office, proving the property and paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife that I had nothing to do with its being there, I will pay for the ad.



Recently the L. P. Ross Shoe Company inserted an advertisement in a Rochester paper for vampers and closers-up. Among the answers received was one from a young lady who signed herself Miss Mabelle Jones and gave her address as General Delivery, Rochester. The letter said in part:

"*Gentlemen*: I have seen your ad for vampires and close-ups and I would like the job. I have been studying to vamp for several years and have been practicing eye work for a long while. My gentlemen friends tell me that I have the other movie vamps backed off the map. I have made a particular study of Theda Bara. I don't know much about close-ups, but suppose I could learn. I have a good form, swell brown eyes, and a fine complexion.

"If you would like, I will call and show you what I can do. I have been looking for a vampire job, but never saw no ads in the papers before.

"Yours, *Mabelle Jones*.

"P. S.—Do you furnish clothes for your vampires? I have just come to Rochester and so I haven't got many clothes."

—*Rochester Herald*.



"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty? Say! when she gets on a street car the advertising is a total loss."



"You're the sheriff, ain't you?"

"I am," answered Cactus Joe.

"Then why don't you arrest that bootlegger?"

"He's no friend o' mine and I ain't goin' to advertise his business."

In London they were discussing advertising. "Great stuff, these electric signs on Broadway," said the Yankee. "They've got one advertising Wrigley's gum, runs a whole block, 250,000 electric bulbs."

"How many?" cried the astonished Londoner.

"250,000," answered the Yankee.

The Londoner observed, "But I say, old chap, isn't that a bit conspicuous?"



Not long ago there appeared in a Western paper the following:

"The gentleman who found a pocketbook with money in Main Street is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

The next day there appeared in the same paper the response, which, although courteous, had an elusive air:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a pocketbook in Main Street requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient date."



Wanted—Experienced married man for next year. Address 154, care Hawkeye.

—*From Burlington, Ia., Hawkeye.*



Age

"Well, auntie, have you got your photographs yet?"

"Yes, and I sent them back in disgust."

"Gracious! Why was that?"

"Why, on the back of every photograph was printed, 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"



Answering the question, "When is a woman old?" a famous tragedienne wrote: "The conceited never; the unhappy too soon, and the wise at the right time."



MURIEL—"I don't intend to be married until after I'm thirty."

MABEL—"And I don't intend to be thirty until after I'm married!"

—*Life.*

"To what do you attribute your long life, Uncle Mose?" asked a newspaper interviewer of a colored centenarian.

"Becuz Ah was bo'n a long time back," the old gentleman replied.



Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret.

—*Disraeli.*



We do not count a man's years, until he has nothing else to count.

—*Emerson.*



From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

—*Tennyson.*



To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

—*O. W. Holmes.*



The late John Bigelow, the patriarch of diplomats and authors, and the no less distinguished physician and author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, were together, several years ago, at West Point. Dr. Bigelow was then ninety-two, and Dr. Mitchell eighty.

The conversation turned to the subject of age. "I attribute my many years," said Dr. Bigelow, "to the fact that I have been most abstemious. I have eaten sparingly, and have not used tobacco, and have taken little exercise."

"It is just the reverse in my case," explained Dr. Mitchell. "I have eaten just as much as I wished, if I could get it; I have always used tobacco, immoderately at times; and I have always taken a great deal of exercise."

With that, Ninety-Two-Years shook his head at Eighty-Years and said, "Well, you will never live to be an old man!"

—*Sarah Bache Hodge.*

My first gray hair!
I never knew that you were there,
Nor least expected you would come so soon—
But you are there;
From whence you came or where
I know not, but I care.

You make me stop and wonder
Why I find you there tonight,
Is it some worry or some fright
That leaves you colorless, and oh, so white?
You'll not be seen, oh, no, not yet.
On that your fondest curls you bet,
For just as long as you are there
I'll hide you very neatly—there!
And none will wonder—only I, at you—
My first gray hair.



Ancestry

HAMPTON—"Dinwiddie told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across."

RHODES—"The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across."



When in England, Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, had luncheon with a prominent Englishman noted for boasting of his ancestry. Taking a coin from his pocket, the Englishman said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling." "Indeed!" replied the governor, smiling, as he produced another coin. "What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."



THE ARISTOCRAT (*returning to school*)—"My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror."

THE NEW GIRL—"That's nothing! My father came over in the same boat with Mary Pickford!"

A western buyer is inordinately proud of the fact that one of his ancestors affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. At the time the salesman called, the buyer was signing a number of checks and affixed his signature with many a curve and flourish. The salesman's patience becoming exhausted in waiting for the buyer to recognize him, he finally observed:

"You have a fine signature, Mr. So-and-So."

"Yes," admitted the buyer, "I should have. One of my forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence."

"So?" said the caller, with rising inflection. And then he added:

"Vell, you aind't got nottings on me. One of my forefathers signed the Ten Commandments."

When saving for your old age, do not neglect to lay up a few pleasant thoughts.

He was always boasting about his ancestors and one day employed a genealogist to hunt them up. In due time the connoisseur of pedigrees returned and was cordially received by his patron.

"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Isn't that high?" objected the patron. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."

The late Kate Field once said that, "There can be no great men without great grandmothers," and a paper commenting on her remark added, "No, nor without great grandfathers. It takes two to make a bargain."

Art

One of those country gentlemen who owns a farm in Brown County, but lives in Indianapolis and only spends his week-ends on the farm, asked one of his neighbors

down in Brown county: "Did you know that T. C. Steele sold the picture that he painted on your farm?" The farmer made no reply to this, and then the country gentleman told him the price Mr. Steele got for the canvas. "I just wish I had known the feller liked the place well enough to pay that for a picture of it," the farmer said. "I'd a' sold him the farm for \$200 less than that."



The small girl was at the table drawing, and her mother asked her what the picture was to be.

"God," replied the child simply.

"But you can't draw God," protested the mother, "because you have never seen Him; no one has ever seen Him and no one knows what He looks like."

The small girl licked her pencil and put in another touch. "They'll all know when I finish this," she said.



"Tell me, does your husband snore?"

"Oh, yes, indeed—so delightfully."

"What?"

"Yes, really—he's so musical you know, his voice is baritone, he only snores operatic bits, mostly *Aida*."



The packer from Chicago admired a picture by Rosa Bonheur.

"How much is that?" he demanded. The dealer quoted the price as \$5,000.

"Holy pig's feet!" the magnate spluttered. "For that money, I can buy live hogs and—"

His wife nudged him in the ribs, and whispered:

"Don't talk shop."



ARCHITECT—"Have you any suggestion for the study, Mr. Quickrich?"

QUICKRICH—"Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study."

Automobiles

An elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple, who were discussing the merits of their motor cars.

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side, meaning of course, the body of her motor.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine," replied the man, "is brown with wide yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed:

"When young people come to asking each other the color of their bodies at a dinner-party, it is time I left the room."



TEACHER—"If a man saves two dollars a week, how long will it take him to save a thousand?"

Boy—"He never would, ma'am. After he got \$900 he'd buy a car."



When a lady who was "burning up the road" on the boulevard was overtaken by a traffic officer and motioned to stop, she indignantly asked:

"What do you want with me?"

"You were running forty miles an hour," answered the officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why officer, I haven't been out an hour," said the lady.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That is a new one on me."



There was a man who fancied that by driving good and fast

He'd get his car across the track before the train came past;

He'd miss the engine by an inch, and make the train-hands sore.

There was a man who fancied this; there isn't any more.

Some of the warning signs posted voluntarily have been noted by scouts of the Automobile Club of Southern California. Although 115,000 signs are scattered throughout this territory, occasional special warnings are tacked up and there is food for thought in most of them. A few of the latest encountered are:

"Slow down. Look before you weep."

"Stop—look—and live."

"This is a good road. It will cost you money to burn it up."

"Don't speed. It is 'Good morning, judge,' here as heretofore."

"Hurrying to the office is no excuse for speeding. The courthouse is just around the corner."

"Prepare to meet thy God."

"Thou shalt not kill."

"Look out. You may meet a fool around the corner."

"Don't covet your neighbor's side of the road."

"Don't kill a child."



Here lie the remains of Percival Sapp;

He drove a car with a girl on his lap.

Lies slumbering here, one William Blake,

He heard the bell but had no brake.

Beneath this stone lies William Raines,

Ice on the hill, he had no chains.

Here lies the body of William Jay,

He died maintaining his right of way.

John Smith lies here without his shoes,

He drove his car while filled with booze.

Here's Mary Jane—but not alive,

She made her car do forty-five.

—*California Sunburst.*



"How fast is your car, Perkins?" asked Stover.

"Well, it keeps about six months ahead of my income, generally," answered Perkins.

"What is the name of your automobile?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? What do your folks call it?"

"Oh, as to that, Dad always says 'The Mortgage;' brother Bill calls it 'The Fake;' mother, 'My Limousine;' sister, 'Our Car;' grandma, 'That Peril;' the chauffeur, 'Some Freak,' and our neighbors, 'The Limit.' "

—*Life.*



"I've figured the whole thing out, father," said Mabel. "The car, to begin with, will cost five thousand dollars, which at six per cent is three hundred dollars a year. If we charge ten per cent off for depreciation it will come to five hundred dollars more. A good chauffeur can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, or fifteen hundred dollars a year. I have allowed ten dollars a week for gasoline and five dollars for repairs. The chauffeur's uniform and furs will come to about two hundred dollars. Now, let's see what it comes to: Three hundred plus five hundred—"

"Don't bother, my dear, I know what it comes to," said the old gentleman.

"What?" asked the girl.

"My dear," said the father impressively, "it comes to a standstill, right here and now."



Two Marylanders, who were visiting the National Museum at Washington, were seen standing in front of an Egyptian mummy, over which hung a placard bearing the inscription "B. C. 1187."

Both visitors were much mystified thereby. Said one:

"What do you make of that, Bill?"

"Well," said Bill, "I dunno; but maybe it was the number of the motor-car that killed him."

—*Edwin Tarrisse.*



IRATE MOTORIST—"Say, this darned car won't climb a hill! You said it was a fine machine!"

DEALER—"I said: 'On the level it's a good car.' "

A motorist had been haled into court, and when his name was called the judge asked what the charges were against the prisoner.

"Suspicious actions, your Honor," answered the policeman who had made the arrest.

"Suspicious actions?" queried his Honor. "What was he doing that seemed suspicious?"

"Well," replied the officer, "he was running within the speed limit, sounding his horn properly, and trying to keep on the right side of the street, so I arrested him."



The scene is set.

A country road, trees, sky, summer homes, a lake in the distance. A steam-railway line crosses the road at right angles.

Enter, up the road, an automobile, well loaded and running at high speed.

Enter at the far right an express train.

Both automobile and train are rushing toward the crossing.

Owner of automobile to chauffeur: "Can you make it?"

The chauffeur speeding up: "Sure I can make it!"
He doesn't.



My Bonnie leaned over her gas tank

The height of its contents to see.

She lighted a match to assist her.

Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!



"Hey!—where yer going? Don't you know this is a one way street?" the angry officer bawled.

"Vell—vat's the matter with you—ain't I only going one way?" nimbly answered Abie, and the officer staggered back to the sidewalk.



Every normal man has two great ambitions. First, to own his home. Second, to own a car to get away from his home.

Lew McCall says that motorists who come through Columbus en route for Kansas City have about the following conversations when they stop at the filling station there:

If it's a Cadillac, the driver says, "How far is it to Kansas City?" "One hundred forty miles," is the reply. "Gimme twenty gallons of gas and a gallon of oil," says the driver. Then comes a Buick and the chauffeur says: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "One hundred forty miles." "Gimme ten gallons of gas and a half-gallon of oil," and he drives on. Along comes a flivver and the driver uncranks himself, gets out and stretches, and asks: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "Oh, about one hundred forty miles." "Is that all? Gimme two quarts of water and a bottle of 8 in 1, and hold this son-of-a-gun until I get in."



The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool "stepped on it" and rushed past.
A crash—he died without a sound
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior.



An automobile show is a place to which car owners go to hear the exhibitors confirm their judgment.



"I was out over the speedway today, and in thirty seconds I did a mile in four laps."

"That's nothing. I know a young lady who did thirty miles in one lap, and she would have done more if I hadn't got a cramp in my knees."



Aviation

ENTHUSIASTIC AVIATOR—(*after long explanation of principle and workings of his biplane*)—"Now, you understand it, don't you?"

YOUNG LADY—"All but one thing."

AVIATOR—"And that is—?"

YOUNG LADY—"What makes it stay up?"

ENTHUSIAST—"Don't the spectators tire you with the questions they ask?"

AVIATOR—"Yes. What else do you want to know?"

MANDY—"Rastus, you all knows dat yo' remind me of dem dere flyin' machines?"

RASTUS—"No, Mandy, how's dat?"

MANDY—"Why becays youse no good on earth."

"Don't be afraid," said an aviator to a timid passenger. "All you have to do is to sit quiet."

"I know all about that," retorted the passenger. "But suppose something happens and we begin to fall?"

"Oh, in that case," the aviator reassured him, "you are to grasp the first solid thing we pass and hold tight."

The airman, after many hours of thick weather, had lost his bearings completely. Then it cleared and he was able to make a landing. Naturally, he was anxious to know in what part of the world he had arrived. He put the question to the group of rustics that had promptly assembled. The answer was explicit:

"You've come down in Deacon Peck's north medder lot."

Baby

It was time for "baby girl" to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could get her there. At last her father offered to lie on the bed till the "sandman" arrived. Off she went "pick-a-back," and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content, ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when her husband would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy pit-a-pat. Nearer came the steps, and then a little white-robed form, with a tiny finger on her lip, stood in the doorway.

"Hush, hush, muvver," she said. "I'se got farver to sleep."

Unique Announcement of a California Contractor

828 Main Avenue, Long Beach, California

July 31, 1922

From: Mr. and Mrs. Orley C. Elmore.

To: Our Friends and Shipmates, Everywhere.

Subject: Launching Announcement.

1. On July 31, 1922, at 12:30 p. m., the following small craft was successfully launched, duly commissioned and immediately set sail upon the Sea of Life, setting a course towards Success and Happiness.

- (a) Name, Gordon Darrell Elmore.
- (b) Displacement, Nine pounds.
- (c) Length over all, Twenty inches.
- (d) Draft (in tub), Four inches.
- (e) Beam, Sun-beam.
- (f) Color, Satin-white.
- (g) Trimmings, Brown eyes, black hair.
- (h) Condition of hull and machinery, Excellent.
- (i) Horsepower (lungs), Four blocks.

2. Condition of Mother Ship, Good.

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*



The inventor of a new feeding-bottle for infants sent out the following directions to mothers:

“When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled.”



JOHNNY—“What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?”

TOMMY—“It don’t cry so very much—and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn’t stand on them, I guess you’d feel like crying yourself.”



Bachelors

It is a safe guess that the man who pokes fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything isn’t married.

An old man was talking to a bachelor and asked him why he did not marry. He parried the question by telling about different young women he had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"You are in danger of getting left," said the old man to him. "You had better hurry up before it is too late."

"Oh," said the bachelor, "there are just as many good fish left in the sea."

"I know that," replied the old man, "but the bait— isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?"



The Bachelor's Toast

Here's to the woman of days gone by;
(May we meet her kind above!)
The woman for whom a man would die,
The woman who ruled by love;
Who didn't harangue and who didn't parade,
In whose home it was sweet to dwell;
Who believed in raising children,
And not in raising hell!



A bachelor had been persuaded by the ladies' aid of a church to speak at an entertainment, provided they would furnish him with a subject. In a spirit of mischief he had been given as a subject, "Woman: Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage."

Now, this man could speak, but he didn't always want to. He didn't want to this time, and decided to get square with those who had done the urging. Accordingly, on the night of the entertainment he arose and said: "My subject, which I consider a very fine one, is nevertheless not of my own choosing, but has been furnished me by the ladies. It is, 'Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage.'"



SHE—"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?"

HE—"A bachelor."

"Would you like a lock of my hair?" asked the gallant old bachelor of the spinster who had been a belle a few decades past.

"Why don't you offer me the whole wig?" the maiden lady gibed, with a titter.

The bachelor retorted with icy disdain:

"You are very biting, madam, considering that your teeth are porcelain."



Banks

Before the passage of the present strict banking laws in Wisconsin, starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprisingly small amount of capital needed is well illustrated by the story a prosperous country-town banker told on himself, when asked how he happened to enter the banking business:

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store building and painted *Bank* on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited a hundred dollars with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited two hundred and fifty; and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself!"



"Father," said Nellie, "that bank in which you told me to put my money is in a bad way."

"In a bad way?" returned her father. "Why, my child, that's one of the strongest banks in the country. What in the world gives you that idea?"

"Well," said Nellie, "it returned one of my checks today for \$80 marked, 'No funds.'"



Rags make paper,
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty, and
Poverty makes rags.

A negro bank was opened in a small town in Georgia, and Sam deposited ten dollars. Several weeks later he returned to draw out his money. When he presented his check the colored cashier looked at it doubtfully and said: "Sam, you ain't got any money in dis here bank, but I'll look on de books and make sure." In a minute he came back and said: "Yes, you did have ten dollars; but nigger, de interes' done eat up dat money."

FIRST SCOT—"I saw ye at the bank, yesterday."

SECOND SCOT—"Aye."

FIRST SCOT—"Did you put in some money?"

SECOND SCOT—"Nae."

FIRST SCOT—"Take some oot?"

SECOND SCOT—"Nae."

FIRST SCOT—"Then ye borrit some money?"

SECOND SCOT—"Nae."

FIRST SCOT—"Then what did ye?"

SECOND SCOT—"I fillet my fountain pen."

Bargains

There is a Canadian story that might just as well have originated below the line, of an Irish girl, recently imported, who visited her clergyman and inquired his fee for marrying. He informed her that his charge was two dollars. A month later, the girl visited the clergyman for the second time, and at once handed him two dollars, with the crisp direction, "Go ahead and marry me."

"Where is the bridegroom?" the clergyman asked.

"What!" exclaimed the girl, dismayed. "Don't you furnish him for the two dollars?"

Newell Dwight Hillis, the famous New York preacher and author, some years ago took charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois. Shortly after going there he required the services of a physician, and on the advice of one of his parishioners called in a doctor noted for his ability properly to emphasize a good story.

but who attended church very rarely. He proved very satisfactory to the young preacher, but for some reason could not be induced to render a bill. Finally Dr. Hillis, becoming alarmed at the inroads the bill might make in his modest stipend, went to the physician and said, "See here, Doctor, I must know how much I owe you."

After some urging, the physician replied: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Hillis. They say you're a pretty good preacher, and you seem to think I am a fair doctor, so I'll make this bargain with you. I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven if you do all you can to keep me out of hell, and it won't cost either of us a cent. Is it a go?"



MANAGER (*five-and-ten-cent store*)—"What did the lady who just went out want?"

SHOPGIRL—"She inquired if we had a shoe department."



Bedtime Stories

It was evening and several callers were chatting in the parlor, when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. K. raised her hand for silence. "Hush, the children are going to deliver their good night message," she said softly. "It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!" There was a moment of tense silence. Then—"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug."



A mother heard an ominous silence in the nursery. She went up to investigate and found her two little boys and her little girl in the costume of paradise. "Why, children, what are you doing?" Said Reggie, "I'se Adam." Said Ruth, "I'se Eve." And little strutting Freddie, with a sunshade over his head, declared, "And I'm er Lord Dod walkin' in er tool over evenin'."

A little girl traveling in a sleeping-car with her parents greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was assured that papa, mama, and God would watch over her. She was settled in the berth at last and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here. Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and first cousins. All here. Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mama!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"



A little girl four years old was alone in the nursery with the door closed and fastened when her little brother arrived and expressed a desire to come in. The following was the dialogue:

"I wants to tum in, Sissy."

"But you tan't tum in, Tom."

"But I wants to."

"Well, I'se in my nightie gown an' nurse says little boys mus'n't see little girls in their nightie gowns."

There was a period of silence during which the astonished little boy reflected on the mystery. It was ended by Sissy's calling out:

"You tan tum in now, Tom—I tooked it off."

Blunders

Tom went out to buy a pair of gloves for his sweetheart's Christmas present and to make a purchase for his father. Of course, he got things mixed, as they always do in stories, and the young lady received a pair of heavy woolen men's socks with the following note:

"Dear Helen: Please accept these in consideration of my love for you. Oh, that I were to be the only one to see them when you wear them. If you find any difficulty in getting them on, blow in them. Yours affectionately,
"Tom."



A telephone operator in one of the Boston exchanges tells a story about a man who asked her for the number of a local theatre. He got the wrong number, and, without asking to whom he was talking, he said:

"Can I get a box for two tonight?"

A startled voice answered him at the other end of the line:

"We don't have boxes for two."

"Isn't this the Tremont theatre?" he called crossly.

"Why, no," was the answer, "this is an undertaking shop."

"Hell! Cancel my order!" was the quick response.



There was a young man from the city,
Who met what he thought was a kitty;
He gave it a pat,
And said, "Nice little cat!"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.



"Johnny," said the mother as she vigorously scrubbed the small boy's face with soap and water, "didn't I tell you never to blacken your face again? Here I've been scrubbing for half an hour and it won't come off."

"I-I—ouch!" sputtered the small boy; "I ain't your little boy. I—ouch! I'se Mose, de colored lady's little boy."

The ship doctor of an English liner notified the death watch steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeked into the room and found that the body was still there. He called the Irishman's attention to the matter, and the latter replied:

"I thought you said room 46. I wint to that room and noticed wan of them in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.'

"So I buried him."



A good Samaritan, passing an apartment house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled, and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For Heaven's sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."



The woman lecturing on dress reform was greatly shocked when she read the report as published in the local paper. The writer had been innocent enough, for his concluding sentence was:

"The lady lecturer on dress wore nothing that was remarkable."

But the merry compositor inserted a period, which was left undisturbed by the proofreader, so that the published statement ran:

"The lady lecturer on dress wore nothing. That was remarkable."



When the Kentucky colonel was in the North, some one asked him if the Kentuckians were in fact very bibulous.

"No, suh," the colonel declared. "I don't reckon they're mo' than a dozen Bibles in the whole state."



"Why did you take Meyerbeer off the dinner card?"

"People kept thinking it was something to drink."



NEW CURATE—"What did you think of the sermon on Sunday, Mrs. Jones?"

PARISHIONER—"Very good indeed, sir. So instructive. We really didn't know what sin was till you came here."

One day an old negro woman surprised her mistress by asking, "Miss Lizzie, what does yo' take when yo' goes to a shower bath?"

"Why, Auntie," she replied, "I should think a towel would be very appropriate."

"Well," said Aunt Sara, "I jest wanted to know, cause my niece, she's goin' to get married and I'se invited to 'tend a shower bath for her."

Books

Eugene Field was a great lover of old books and quite a collector of them. His means were not adequate to his desires, however, and one of the quaintest proofs of this was a slip of paper, found by a purchaser of an old volume, in Field's handwriting; evidently an impromptu verse—

"Kind friend for goodness sake forbear
To buy the book thou findest here,
For when I do obtain the pelf,
I mean to buy the book myself."

Another bit of rhyme, which is thoroughly American is in the preface to one of Bill Nye's books. It runs—

"Go, little booklet, go,
Bearing an honored name,
Till everywhere that you have went,
They're glad that you have came."

William Dean Howells, at a dinner in Boston, said of modern American letters:

"The average popular novel shows on the novelist's part an ignorance of his trade which reminds me of a New England clerk.

"In a New England village I entered the main street department-store one afternoon and said to the clerk at the book-counter:

"Let me have, please, the Letters of Charles Lamb."

"Postoffice right across the street, Mr. Lamb," said the clerk, with a naive, brisk smile."

A western bookseller wrote to a house in Chicago asking that a dozen copies of Canon Farrar's "Seekers After God" be shipped to him at once.

Within two days he received this reply by telegraph:
"No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

Books are keys to wisdom's treasures;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends, come, let us read.

If this is borrowed by a friend
Right welcome shall he be;
To read, to study, not to lend
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more

"You never can tell," said a traveling salesman. "Now you'd think that a little New England village, chock full of church influence and higher education, would be just the place to sell a book like 'David Harum,' wouldn't you? Well, I know a man who took a stock up there and couldn't unload one of 'em. He'd have been stuck for fair if he hadn't had a brilliant idea and got the town printer to doctor up the title for him. As it was, he managed to unload the whole lot and get out of town before the first purchaser discovered that 'David's Harum' wasn't quite what he had led himself to suppose."

CANVASSER—"May I have a few minutes of your time?"

PROSPECT—"Yes, if you will be brief. What can I do for you; I'm a man of few words."

CANVASSER—"Just the man I'm looking for, my specialty is dictionaries."

Remember what Roger Miffin says: "When you sell a man a book, you don't sell him just three ounces of paper and ink and glue—you sell him a whole new life. Love and friendship and humor, and ships at sea by night—there's all heaven and earth in a book."



NEWSBOY (*on railroad car, to gentleman occupant*)—"Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

GENTLEMAN—"No! I'm Edgar Guest himself."

NEWSBOY—"Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?"



A young couple on their honeymoon stopped off at Buffalo for a few days to take in the Falls. To while away time one evening while his wife was dressing for dinner her husband picked up a copy of *Snappy Stories*.

Presently the bride tiptoed over to his chair and glanced over his shoulder. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "I've married a bookworm!"



Two men were talking together in the Public Library. One of them said:

"The dime novel has gone. I wonder where it's gone to?"

The other, who knew something of literature in its various phases, answered cynically:

"It's gone up to a dollar and ninety cents."



"I can read my husband like a book."

"Then be careful to stick to your own library, my dear."



LADY—"I've just been making my side ache over your latest book."

AUTHOR (*delighted*)—"Oh, really. Did you find it so amusing?"

LADY—"Well, the fact is I went to sleep on the top of it."

Boosting

Boost your city, boost your friend,
Boost the lodge that you attend.
Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
Boost the goods that you are selling.
Boost the people 'round about you,
They can't get along without you,
But success will quicker find them,
If they know that you're behind them.
Boost for every forward movement,
Boost for every new improvement,
Boost the man for whom you labor,
Boost the stranger and the neighbor.
Cease to be a chronic knocker,
Cease to be a progress blocker.
If you'd make your city better
Boost it to the final letter.



Boost, and the world boosts with you,
Knock, and you're on the shelf,
For the world gets sick of the one who'll kick
And wishes he'd kick himself.
Boost, for your own achievements,
Boost for the things sublime,
For the one who is found on the topmost round,
Is the Booster every time.



It takes no more time to boost a man than it does to knock him—and think how much pleasanter for everybody.



Boston

"I understand," said a visitor from Philadelphia to a friend in Boston, "that you have so high an opinion of your city that you think heaven must be like Boston."

"Well," was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I believe I did say so some time ago, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last few years."

A little Boston girl with exquisitely long golden curls and quite an angelic appearance in general, came in from an afternoon walk with her nurse and said to her mother, "Oh, Mama, a strange woman on the street said to me, 'My, but ain't you got beautiful hair!'"

The mother smiled, for the compliment was well merited, but she gasped as the child innocently continued, "I said to her, 'I am very glad to have you like my hair, but I am sorry to hear you use the word 'ain't'!'"



There was a young lady from Boston,
A two-horned dilemma was tossed on,
As to which was the best,
To be rich in the west,
Or poor and peculiar in Boston.



A Bostonian died, and when he arrived at St. Peter's gate he was asked the usual questions:

"What is your name, and where are you from?"

The answer was, "Mr. Emerson Cabot Cabot, from Boston."

"You may come in," said Peter, "but I know you won't like it."



A couple from Boston spent a winter in Augusta, Georgia. During the period of their visit they became fond of an old colored woman, and even invited her to visit their home at their expense. In due time after their return to Boston, the visitor was entertained. Every courtesy was extended to the old colored woman, and she even had her meals with the host and hostess. One day at dinner, the host remarked, with a certain smug satisfaction in his own democratic hospitality:

"I imagine that, during all the time you were a slave, your master never invited you to eat at his table."

"No, suh, dat he didn't," replied the old darky. "My master was a gen'l'man. He never let no nigger set at table 'long side o' him."

Owing to the war a distinguished Boston man, deprived of his summer trip to Europe, went to the Pacific coast instead. Stopping off at Salt Lake City, he strolled about the city and made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl.

"I'm from Boston," he said to her. "I suppose you do not know where Boston is?"

"Oh, yes, I do," answered the little girl eagerly. "Our Sunday-school has a missionary there."

The motorist was a stranger in Boston's streets. It was evening. A man approached.

"Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its functions."

"What?" gasped the astonished driver.

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"I don't quite——"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, I——"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued."

Just then a little newsboy came over and said:

"Say, mister, yer lamp's out!"

Burglars

A young couple that had received many valuable wedding presents established their home in a suburb. One morning they received in the mail two tickets for a popular show in the city, with a single line:

"Guess who sent them."

The pair had much amusement in trying to identify the donor, but failed in the effort. They duly attended the theatre, and had a delightful time. On their return home, late at night, still trying to guess the identity of the unknown host, they found the house stripped of every article of value. And on the bare table in the dining-room was a piece of paper on which was written, in the same hand as the enclosure with the tickets:

"Now you know!"

A burglar was one night engaged in the pleasing occupation of stowing a good haul of swag in his bag when he was startled by a touch on the shoulder, and, turning his head, he beheld a venerable, mild-eyed clergyman gazing sadly at him.

"Oh, my brother," groaned the reverend gentleman, "wouldst thou rob me? Turn, I beseech thee—turn from thy evil ways. Return those stolen goods, and depart in peace, for I am merciful and forgive. Begone!"

And the burglar, only too thankful at not being given into custody of the police, obeyed and slunk swiftly off.

Then the good old man carefully and quietly packed the swag into another bag and walked softly (so as not to disturb the slumber of the inmates) out of the house and away into the silent night.



Miss Muffit had recently joined the "Band of Sisters for Befriending Burglars" and was being shown over a prison for the first time.

One prisoner, evidently a man of education, interested her more than the others. He rose and bowed to her when she entered his cell, apologizing for the poorness of his apartment.

Miss Muffit could not help wondering how this refined man came within the clutches of the law. In fact, as she was leaving his cell she said:

"May I ask you why you are in this distressing place?"

"Madam," he replied, "I am here for robbery at a seaside hotel!"

"How very interesting!" said Miss Muffit. "Were you—er—the proprietor?"



Business

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

—*Douglas Jerrold.*

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, and the other, that they haven't any business.



The Ten Commandments
(By a Wise Employer)

First—Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that will be the wrong end.

Second—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

Third—Give me more than I expect, and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Fourth—You owe so much to yourself you cannot afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt.

Fifth—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, never see temptation when they meet it.

Sixth—Mind your own business, and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Seventh—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.

Eighth—It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Ninth—Don't tell me what I'll like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet for my pride, but one for my purse.

Tenth—Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.



—*The Rotarian.*

A West Virginia dorky, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De co-pardnership heretofore resisting between me and

Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."



FIRST MERCHANT (as reported in the New York "Trade Record")—"How's business?"

SECOND MERCHANT—"Picking up a little. One of our men got a \$5,000 order yesterday."

"Go away. I don't believe that."

"Honest he did—I'll show you the cancellation."



The saddest words of tongue or pen
May be, perhaps, "It might have been,"
The sweetest words we know, by heck,
Are only these, "Enclosed find check!"



MORRIS—"How's business with you, Bernie?"

BERNIE—"Oh, lookin' up."

MORRIS—"What do you mean, lookin' up?"

BERNIE—"Well, it's flat on its back, ain't it?"



"I'm a very busy man, sir. What is your proposition?"

"I want to make you rich."

"Fine. Glad to hear it. Just leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing up a little deal by which I expect to make \$3.50 in real money."



An enterprising firm advertised: "All persons indebted to our store are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to our store and not knowing it are requested to call and find out. Those knowing themselves indebted and not wishing to call are requested to stay in one place long enough for us to catch them."



"I took that pretty girl from the store home the other night and stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"Will that be all?"

EDITH—"Dick, dear, your office is in State street, isn't it?"

DICKEY—"Yes; why?"

EDITH—"That's what I told papa. He made such a funny mistake about you yesterday. He said he'd been looking you up in Bradstreet."



A New York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son, who was about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account.

"Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind: Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," added the gray-beard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."



BUSINESS MAN (explaining)—"When they say 'money is easy,' they mean simply that the supply is greater than the demand."

HIS WIFE—"Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible."



During a campaign preceding the election of a Missouri Congressman it was suggested that, since he posed as a good business man, he might be willing to tell just what a good business man is.

"That's easy," he explained. "A good business man is one who can buy goods from a Scotchman and sell them to a Jew—at a profit!"



"Look here, you swindler!" roared the owner of the suburban property to the real estate man. "When you sold me this house, didn't you say that in three months I wouldn't part with it for \$10,000?"

"Certainly," said the real estate dealer calmly, "and you haven't, have you?"



Cash and Cupid

The London consul of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a large fortune. After advertising without result, he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. A few weeks later his chief asked him how he was getting on.

"I've found the lady, sir."

"Good! Where is she?"

"At my place. I married her yesterday."



EDITH—"I think Jack is horrid. I asked him if he had to choose between me and a million which he would take, and he said the million."

MARIE—"That's all right. He knew if he had the million you'd be easy."



Little Ikey came up to his father with a very solemn face. "Is it true, father," he asked, "that marriage is a failure?"

His father surveyed him thoughtfully for a moment. "Well, Ikey," he finally replied, "if you get a rich wife, it's almost as good as a failure."



Maud Muller, on a summer night,
Turned down the only parlor light.

The judge, beside her, whispered things
Of wedding bells and diamond rings.

He spoke his love in burning phrase,
And acted foolish forty ways.

When he had gone Maud gave a laugh
And then turned off the dictagraph.

"Honey," said the colored suitor, "when we gits married you ain't gwine to give up dat good job you has workin' for de white folks, is you?"

"But ain't we gwine to have no honeymoon an' take a trip on de train somewhere?"

"One of us might go, honey. Dey ain't a thing holdin' me, but you's got 'sponsibilities."



MAUDE—"I've just heard of a case where a man married a girl on his deathbed so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?"

JACK—"That's just the kind of a girl I could love. What's her address?"



Children

He was the happy father of a very pretty and bright little girl of ten. "Dad," she said to him one evening, when he was reading the paper, "every morning, when I am going to school, the boys catch hold of me and kiss me."

"But, Ethel," he said, "why don't you run away from them?"

"Well, dad, if I did, perhaps they wouldn't chase me."



"Mama, today the teacher asked me if there were any more at home like me."

"And what did he say when you told him you were the only child?"

"He said, 'Thank heaven!' "



Jean Marie's grandpa is devoted to her. On his return from a trip recently he picked her up and gave her several resounding slaps, and as he is a large, strong man, he evidently struck harder than he intended.

At any rate, Jean Marie looked up at him and asked, "Grandpa, was you loving me or spanking me?"

"Why, Jean Marie?"

"'Cause, if you was loving me it's all right; but if you was spanking me, I'se going to cry!"

A child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer meeting, was taken by its nurse to the circus for the first time. When he came home he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mama, if you once went to the circus you'd never, never go to a prayer meeting again in all your life."



FIRST LITTLE GIRL—"What's your last name, Annie?"

SECOND LITTLE GIRL—"Don't know yet; I ain't married."



Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King George, has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by moral suasion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going upstairs to tell God about that paper-knife. And then I shall tell Jesus. And if that doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"



Mrs. Jones was getting dinner ready when in came little Fred with a happy smile on his face.

"What has mama's darling been doing this morning?" asked his mother.

"I have been playing Postman," replied little Fred.

"Postman?" exclaimed his mother. "How could you do that when you had no letters?"

"Oh, but I had," replied Fred. "I was looking in your trunk up in your room and I found a packet of letters tied 'round with a ribbon, and I posted one under every door in the street."

"As you don't seem to know what you'd like for Christmas, Freddie," said his mother, "here's a printed list of presents for a good little boy."

Freddie read over the list, and then said:

"Mother, haven't you a list for a bad little boy?"



Christians

At a dinner, when the gentlemen retired to the smoking room and one of the guests, a Japanese, remained with the ladies, one asked him:

"Aren't you going to join the gentlemen, Mr. Nagasaki?"

"No. I do not smoke, I do not swear, I do not drink. But then, I am not a Christian."



A shipwrecked traveler was washed up on a small island. He was terrified at thought of cannibals, and explored with the utmost stealth. Discovering a thin wisp of smoke above the scrub, he crawled toward it fearfully, in apprehension that it might be from the campfire of savages. But as he came close, a voice rang out sharply:

"Why in hell did you play that card?" The castaway, already on his knees, raised his hands in devout thanksgiving.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed brokenly. "They are Christians!"



"The shortest after-dinner speech I ever heard," said Cy Warman, the poet, "was at a dinner in Providence.

"A man was assigned to the topic, 'The Christian in Politics.' When he was called upon he arose, bowed and said: 'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: The Christian in Politics—he ain't.'"



Christianity teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves; modern society acknowledges no neighbor.

—Beaconsfield.

A charitable lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old woman, after reflection.

"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."

"Lor', mum!" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"



Christmas

"Isn't this too absurd?" said the hostess, as she read a letter the maid had handed to her. "I sent Marie Burns the loveliest of bags for Christmas. It had been given to me, I knew, and I had so many I saved it to give away. I suppose we all do those things."

The guest nodded.

"Well, here's her letter of thanks, and listen to what she says:

"Dear Grace: When I gave you that bag three years ago on Christmas I was so fond of it I could hardly bear to part with it. So I thank you most heartily for remembering me this Christmas with my own gift, which I parted with so unselfishly. Cordially yours, Marie Burns.'"



Freddie, seven, and Bennie, five, had agreed to stay awake and watch Santa Claus fill their stockings. But the sandman was too much for Bennie and he went to sleep. At about eleven o'clock he roused enough to ask Freddie, sleepily:

"Did he come?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he jus' fussed with our stockings a bit and then he went and got into bed with mother."

BILL—"I hear that Jones always saves the Christmas presents people give him and gives them back the following year."

PHIL—"I hope he does that to me. I gave him a quart of brandy last Christmas."

Instead of the usual just-before-Christmas letter to Santa Claus, Robbie wrote a prayer letter to God. After enumerating the many and varied presents he wanted very much, he concluded with: "Remember, God, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Church

The old negro attended a service in the Episcopal Church for the first time in his life. Someone asked him afterward how he had enjoyed the experience.

"Not much, shohly not much," he declared, shaking his head. "Dat ain't no church for me. No' suh! Dey wastes too much time readin' the minutes ob the previous meetin'."

The old colored man left the Methodist Church and joined the Baptist. Soon afterward, he encountered his former pastor, who inquired the reason for his change of sect. The old man explained fully.

"Fust off, I was 'Piscopal, but I hain't learned, an' they done say the service so fast, I nebber could keep up, an' when I come out behin', dey all look, an' I'se 'shamed. So I jined the Methodis'. Very fine church, yes, sur. But dey done has 'Quiry meetin's. An', suh, us cullud folkses can't bear too much 'quirin' into. An' a man says to me, 'Why don't you jine de Baptis'? De Baptis', it's jest *dip* an' be done wid it!' An' so I jined."

"Daughter, I hope you will go to church this evening. The pastor's subject, 'An Hour With Favorite Hymns,' should be very interesting."

"I should like very much to go, father, but I have an engagement with my own favorite him tonight."

An old colored minister announced that he had invented an automatic collection basket, which would be passed around by the deacons of his church. "It is so arranged, my brethren," said he, "dat if you drop in a quatah or half dollah it falls noiselessly on a red plush cushion; if you drop a nickel it will ring a bell dat can be distinctly heard by de entiah congregation; but if you let fall a suspender button, my brethren, it will fiah off a pistol."



SCOTT—"What is your notion of an ideal church?"

JACKSON—"One that meddles with neither politics nor religion."



Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said his customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African Church?"

"Not this year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis. I jined the church in good fait; I give ten dollars toward de stated gospill de fus' year, and de church people call me 'Brudder Dickson'; the second year my business not so good, and I gib only five dollars. Dat year the people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, suh, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and I didn't gib noffin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me 'dat old nigger Dickson'—and I left 'em."

A minister in a small Western town surprised his audience one Sunday by reading the following notice from the pulpit:

"The regular session of the Donkey Club will be held as usual after the service. Members will line up just outside the door, make remarks and stare at the ladies who pass, as is their custom."

The club didn't meet that Sunday.

"I understand," said a young woman to another, "that at your church you are having such small congregations. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the other girl, "so small that every time our rector says 'Dearly Beloved' you feel as if you had received a proposal."

At a recent conference of Baptists, Methodists, and English Friends, in the city of Chengtu, China, two Chinamen were heard discussing the three denominations. One of them said to the other:

"They say these denominations have different beliefs. Just what is the difference between them?"

"Oh," said the other, "Not much! Big washee, little washee, no washee, that is all."

In Clinton, Iowa, Sunday morning, the pastor noticed a new attendant at church.

When the meeting was over the preacher made it his business to speak to the newcomer.

"Erastus," he said, "this is the first time I had seen you at church for a long time, I'm mighty glad to see you here."

"I had to come," replied Erastus. "I needs strengthenin'. I'se got a job white-washin' a chicken coop and buildin' a fence around a watermelon patch."

"Tremendous crowd up at our church last night."

"New minister?"

"No, it was burned down."

A Protestant mission meeting had been held in an Irish town and this was the gardener's contribution to the controversy that ensued: "'Pratestants!' he said with lofty scorn, 'Twas mighty little St. Paul thought of the Pratestants. You've all heard tell of the 'pistle he wrote to the Romans, but I'd ax ye this, did any of yez iver hear of his writing a 'pistle to the Pratestants?'"



Father Duffy is credited by the New York World with this after-dinner story:

"An old sexton asked me, 'Father, weren't the Apostles Jews?' I said they were. Puzzled, he demanded: 'Then how the deuce did the Jews let go of a good thing like the Catholic Church and let the Eytalians grab it?'"



There were introductions all around. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. And a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you—although, I'm quite sure, we never met."

The little guest softly laughed. "I'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended."



Clergy

In a former generation, when elaborate doctrines were deemed more important by Christian clergymen than they are today, they were prone to apply every utterance of the Bible to the demonstration of their own particular tenets. For example, one distinguished minister announced his text and introduced his sermon as follows:

"'So, Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, for he did eat at the King's table, and he was lame on both his feet.'"

"My brethren, we are here taught the doctrine of human depravity—Mephibosheth was lame. Also the doctrine of total depravity—he was lame on both his feet. Also the doctrine of justification—for he dwelt in Jerusalem. Fourth, the doctrine of adoption—'he did eat at the King's table.' Fifth, the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints—for we read that 'he did eat at the King's table continually'."



It is told of Spurgeon that when a somewhat impertinent revivalist insisted upon seeing him and said, when told that he was busy—"Tell Mr. Spurgeon that it is a servant of the Lord who wants to see him," Spurgeon replied, "Tell the servant of the Lord that I am engaged with his master."



PROFESSOR—"Now, Mr. Shaw, assuming you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed a coin, what would be your method of procedure?"

MEDICAL STUDENT—"I'd send for a preacher, sir. They'll get money out of anyone."



A clergyman who advertised for an organist received this reply:

"Dear Sir: I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I beg to apply for the position."



A little Scotch boy had just returned from a painful interview with the minister, to whom he had said, in reply to a question, that there were one hundred Commandments. Meeting another lad on his way to the minister's he asked: "An' if he asks ye how many Commandments there are, what will ye say?"

"Say?" replied the other boy; "why, ten, of course."

"Ten?" said the first urchin in scorn. "Ten? Ye wull try him wi' ten? I tried him wi' a hundred and he wasna satisfied."

"We will take as our text this morning," announced the absent-minded clergyman, consulting his memorandum, "the sixth and seventh verses of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs." Never suspecting that his vivacious son and heir had found the memorandum in his study on the previous night, and, knowing that his papa had composed a sermon celebrating the increased severity of dry law enforcement, had diabolically changed the chapter and verse numerals to indicate a very different text, the absent-minded clergyman turned to the place and read aloud these words of Solomon: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his past poverty, and remember his misery no more."



"You writing your sermon, pop?" the small son of a minister asked interestedly.

"Yes, my boy," was the reply of the divine as he looked up from his manuscript.

"How do you know what to write, pop?" was the next question.

"God tells me what to write, my son," the minister replied impressively.

The little fellow looked doubtful.

"If He tells you what to write," he demanded, "why do you go back and scratch out a lot of it?"

—*Judge.*



A colored minister was warning his congregation of the awfulness of the infernal regions. "You al hab been down to de stove foundry and seen dat melted iron a runnin' out ob de spouts like red hot molasses. In Hell dey uses dat for ice cream."



The aged negro clergyman announced solemnly from the pulpit:

"Next Sabbath, dar will be a baptism in dis chu'ch, at half-pas' ten in de mawnin'. Dis baptism will be of two adults an' six adulteresses."

Wendell Phillips was traveling through Ohio once when he fell in with a car full of ministers returning from a convention. One of the ministers, a southerner from Kentucky, was naturally not very cordial to the opinions of the great abolitionist and set out to embarrass Mr. Phillips. So, before the group of ministers, he said:

"You are Wendell Phillips, are you not?"

"Yes," answered the great abolitionist.

"And you are trying to free the niggers, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Well, why do you preach your doctrines up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?"

"Excuse me, are you a preacher?"

"I am, sir."

"Are you trying to save souls from hell?"

"Yes, sir; that is my business."

"Well, why don't you go there then?" asked Mr. Phillips.



Rev. David Lockrow, minister and spinner of yarns, was asked what he considered his best story out of the thousands he has been telling all over New England during the past 26 years. He chuckled, meditated, and replied:

"Well, I don't know. One of the best is about the Englishman who went to a banquet and heard someone make the toast: 'Here's to the happiest hours of my life, spent in the arms of another man's wife—my mother!'

"The Englishman said to himself: 'That's deucedly clever. I must remember that.' And when he returned to England, on one occasion when he was speaking at a banquet, he said: 'I heard a deucedly clever thing in America. A man got up and made a toast that went something like this: "Here's to the happiest hours of my life, spent in the arms of another man's wife"—but, really, I've forgotten who the woman was!'"

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the instant reply. "I only found it in Exodus."



A revivalist was haranguing the young ladies of his audience on the evils of immodest style in dress. "The streets of Hades," he said, "are filled with young ladies wearing short skirts and low necked dresses." One old lady in the audience nudged her companion and said: "I'm glad my husband didn't hear that. He would surely give up trying to get to Heaven."



On the way to the baptism, the baby somehow loosened the stopper of his bottle, with the result that the milk made a frightful mess over the christening robe. The mother was greatly shamed, but she was compelled to hand over the child in its mussed garments to the clergyman at the font.

"What name?" the clergyman whispered.

The agitated mother failed to understand, and thought that he complained of the baby's condition. So she offered explanation in the words:

"Nozzle come off—nozzle come off!"

The clergyman, puzzled, repeated his whisper:

"What name?"

"Nozzle come off—nozzle come off!" The woman insisted, almost in tears.

The clergyman gave it up, and continued the rite:

"Nozzlecomeoff Smithers, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

—*Shakespeare.*



Advice is the most worthless commodity in the world. Those who might profit by it don't need it, and those who do need it won't profit by it—if they could, they wouldn't need it.



A minister came to the Episcopal church, at Williamsport, Pa., to speak.

"Do you wish to wear a surplice?" asked the rector.

"Surplice!" cried the visitor. "Surplice! I am a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit!"



"Ezra says Pahson Brown done kotch him in Farmer Smith's chicken coop."

"Oh, boy! Don't Ezra feel 'shamed?"

"Nossuh. De pahson am de one feel 'shame. He kain't 'splain how he done kotch Ezra dar."



"I thought you were preaching, Uncle Bob," said the Colonel, to whom the elderly negro had applied for a job.

"Yessah, Ah wuz," replied Uncle, "but Ah guess Ah ain't smaht enough to expound de Scriptures. Ah almost stahved to deff tryin' to explain de true meanin' uv de line what says 'De Gospel am free.' Dem fool niggahs thought dat it meant dat Ah wuzn't to git no salary."



Coal Dealers

"I say, Jones, I want to insure my coal-yards against fire. What would a policy for \$20,000 cost?"

"What coal is it? Same kind as you sent me last?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't bother insuring it if I were you. It won't burn."

In an Ohio town where two brothers are engaged in the retail coal business a revival was held and the elder of the brothers was converted. For weeks he tried to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he asked:

"Why can't you join the church like I did?"

"It's a fine thing for you to belong to the church," replied the younger brother, "but if I join too, who'll weigh the coal?"



"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at \$6 a ton and you pay your dealer \$24 how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," said Johnny promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," said the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."



Collections

He was running a small provision store in a newly developed district, and the big wholesale dealers found him very backward in payment of his accounts.

They sent him letter after letter, each more politely threatening than the last. Finally they sent their representative down to give him a sporting chance.

"Now," said the caller, "we must have a settlement. Why haven't you sent us anything? Are things going badly?"

"No. Everything's going splendidly. You needn't worry. My bankers will guarantee me all right."

"Then why haven't you paid up?"

"Well, you see, those threatening letters of yours were so well done that I've been copying them and sending them round to a few customers of my own who won't pay up, and I've collected nearly all outstanding debts. I was only holding back because I felt sure there must be a final letter, and I wanted to get the series complete."

MERCHANT—"They say you are very successful with old bills and seldom have to dun them twice. What's the secret?"

BAD-BILL COLLECTOR—"I am afflicted with insomnia and do my collecting nights."

During an epidemic in a small Southern town every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked, an old negress protested vigorously when the health officers started to take down the sign on her house.

"Why, Auntie," exclaimed the officer, "why don't you want me to take it down?"

"Well, sah," she answered, "dey ain't be'n a bill collectah neah dis house sence dat sign went up. You-all let it alone!"

A Texas tradesman has this pertinent sign in a conspicuous place in his store:

Man is made of dust.

Dust Settles.

Be a Man!

OLD DARKEY (*to shiftless friend*)—"I hearn you is gwine to pay me dat dollah you owes me. Is you?"

FRIEND (*ingratiatingly*)—"I ain't sayin' I ain't."

OLD DARKEY (*severely*)—"I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is."

A well-known wholesale merchant, who has a wide patronage throughout the Piedmont region of the South, received the following letter from one of his customers a few weeks ago:

"I receive your letter about what I owes you. Now be pachtent. I ain't forgot you and soon as folks pay me I'll pay you, but if this was judgment day and you were no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account then you sho going to hell."

The credit, it may be noted, was extended.

When you do not intend to pay a bill there is nothing like being decisive in your refusal. The other day a bookseller had an "account rendered" returned to him with the following reply scrawled across the billhead: "Dear Sir—I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't. Now go and hang yourself, you fathead.—Yours very respectfully, John Jones."



College Life

The president of an eastern university had just announced in chapel that the freshman class was the largest enrolled in the history of the institution. Immediately he followed the announcement by reading the text for the morning: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"



SOPH.—"How does it happen you came to Harvard? I thought your father was a Yale man."

FRESH.—"He was. He wanted me to go to Yale; I wanted to go to Princeton. We had an argument and he finally told me to go to H—." —*Yale Record*.



"Why did you come to college, anyway? You are not studying," said the Professor.

"Well," said Willie, "I don't know exactly myself. Mother says it is to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry, and Pa, to bankrupt the family."



STUDE.—"Do you smoke, professor?"

PROF.—"Why yes, I'm very fond of a good cigar."

STUDE.—"Do you drink, sir?"

PROF.—"Yes, indeed, I enjoy nothing better than a bottle of wine."

STUDE.—"Gee, it's going to cost me something to pass this course." —*Cornell Widow*.

PROF.—“A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.”

STUDE.—“No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams!”



The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.

—O. W. Holmes.



On the Aristocracy of Harvard

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod;
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God!

—Dr. Samuel G. Bushnell.



On the Democracy of Yale

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the light;
Where God speaks to Jones in the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight!

—Dean Jones.



When his daughter returned from the girls' college, the farmer regarded her critically, and then demanded: “Ain't you a lot fatter than you was?”

“Yes, Dad,” the girl admitted. “I weigh one hundred and forty pounds stripped for ‘gym’.”

The father stared for a moment in horrified amazement, then shouted:

“Who in thunder is Jim?”



“What does the professor of Greek get?”

“Oh, about \$3,000 a year.”

“And the football coach?”

“About \$12,000 a year.”

“Quite a discrepancy.”

“Well, did you ever hear 40,000 people cheering a Greek recitation?”

Nothing more clearly expresses the sentiments of Harvard men in seasons of athletic rivalry than the time-honored "To hell with Yale!"

Once when Dean Briggs, of Harvard, and Edward Everett Hale were on their way to a game at Soldiers' Field a friend asked:

"Where are you going, Dean?"

"To yell with Hale," answered Briggs with a meaning smile.



"Say, dad, remember that story you told me about when you were expelled from college?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinking, dad, how true it is that history repeats itself."



Congress

"How is the law made?" asked the instructor in United States history.

"Oh," replied the maiden, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it; and then the President has to—has to veto it; and then the House of Representatives has to"—she hesitated for a moment, and knit her pretty forehead.

"Oh, yes! I remember now," she said. "The House of Representatives has to adjourn until the next session!"



"Has this bill been endorsed by the Prohibition party?"

"Yes."

"And met with the approval of the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki?"

"Yes."

"And O. K.'d by Mr. Hearst?"

"Certainly."

"Then instruct Congress to pass it as another great measure restoring the rights of the people."

"Senator, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs."

"I need a job, Senator."

"Well, I'll ask for a commission to investigate as to why there are no jobs and you can get a job on that."



A story of Lincoln's early political life is told in John Wesley Hill's new book, "Abraham Lincoln, Man of God" (Putnam). It seems that in 1846, during a canvass for Congress, Lincoln attended a preaching service of Peter Cartwright's. Cartwright called on all desiring to go to heaven to stand up. All arose but Lincoln. Then he asked all to rise who did not want to go to hell. Lincoln remained still seated. "I am surprised," said Cartwright, "to see Abe Lincoln sitting back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to heaven and does not want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he does want to go?" Lincoln slowly arose and replied, "I am going to Congress."

—*The Christian Register.*



Conscience

MANDY—"What foh yo' been goin' to de postoffice so reg'lar? Are yo' corresponding wif some other female?"

RASTUS—"Nope; but since ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese 'conscience funds' ah kind of thought ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us."

—*Life.*



A New York lawyer, gazing idly out of his window, saw a sight in an office across the street that made him rub his eyes and look again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. The pretty stenographer was sitting upon the gentleman's lap. The lawyer noticed the name that was lettered on the window and then searched in the telephone book. Still keeping his eye upon the scene across the street, he called the gentleman up. In a few moments he saw him start violently and take down the receiver.

"Yes," said the lawyer through the telephone, "I should think you would start."

The victim whisked his arm from its former position and began to stammer something.

"Yes," continued the lawyer severely, "I think you'd better take that arm away. And while you're about it, as long as there seems to be plenty of chairs in the room—"

The victim brushed the lady from his lap, rather roughly, it is to be feared. "Who—who the devil is this, anyhow?" he managed to splutter.

"I," answered the lawyer in deep, impressive tones, "am your conscience!"



Parker and Adams were discussing the moralities, when the former propounded the question:

"Well, what is conscience, anyhow?"

"Conscience," said Adams, who prides himself on being a bit of a pessimist, "is the thing we always believe should bother the other fellow."



"Now that you have made \$50,000,000, I suppose you are going to keep right on for the purpose of trying to get a hundred millions?"

"No, sir. You do me an injustice. I'm going to put in the rest of my time trying to get my conscience into a satisfactory condition."



A quiet conscience makes one so serene!

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded

That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

—Byron.



Conversation

HOSTESS (*aside to hubby*)—"Goodness gracious, the conversation is dying out! What shall we do?"

HUBBY—"Let's sneak outside; that'll give 'em a chance to talk about us."

Irving Bacheller, it appears, was on a tramping tour through New England. He discovered a chin-bearded patriarch on a roadside rock.

"Fine corn," said Mr. Bacheller, tentatively, using a hillside filled with straggling stalks as a means of breaking the conversational ice.

"Best in Massachusetts," said the sitter.

"How do you plow that field?" asked Mr. Bacheller. "It is so very steep."

"Don't plow it," said the sitter. "When the spring thaws come, the rocks rolling down hill tear it up so that we can plant corn."

"And how do you plant it?" asked Mr. Bacheller. The sitter said that he didn't plant it, really. He stood in his back door and shot the seed in with a shotgun.

"Is that the truth?" asked Bacheller.

"Hell no," said the sitter, disgusted. "That's conversation."



Up in Canada an American came across a lonely hut and interviewed the proprietor with a view to writing up the locality.

"Whose house is this?" he asked.

"Moggs."

"What in the world is it built of?"

"Logs."

"Any animals natural to the locality?"

"Frogs."

"What sort of soil have you?"

"Bogs."

"How about the climate?"

"Fogs."

"What do you live on chiefly?"

"Hogs."

"Have you any friends?"

"Dogs."

Mrs. Maginnis met Mrs. Moriarty at an afternoon tea.

Says Mrs. Maginnis, "How do you do, Mrs. Moriarty."

Says Mrs. Moriarty, "I am glad to see you, and how do you do, not that I care a rap, but it helps along the talk."



Cosmopolitan

JOE—" 'Ere, Curly! You know everything—what's a cosmopolitan?"

CURLY—"Well, it's like this—suppose you was a Russian Jew livin' in England married to a black woman an' you'd just finished a bit of Irish stew an' was smokin' an Egyptian cigaret, while a German band outside was playin' the Blue Bells o' Scotland—you'd be a cosmopolitan."



The average South Dakota citizen gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, puts on a pair of cowhide boots made in Ohio, washes in a Pittsburgh basin, using Cincinnati soap, and dries on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire, sits down to a Grand Rapids table, eats hot biscuits made with Minneapolis flour, Kansas City bacon and Indiana grits fried in Omaha lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove; buys Irish potatoes grown in Michigan and canned fruits put up in California, seasoned with Rhode Island spices, claps on his old wool hat made in Philadelphia, harnesses his Missouri mule, fed on Iowa corn, to an Indiana plow.

At night he crawls under a New Jersey blanket and is kept awake by a South Dakota dog—the only home product on the place.



Courtesy

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

"Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that they are these:
"I thank you, sir"; and, "If you please."



How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breaths of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—*J. T. Fields.*



He had been reading knightly romances and grew dissatisfied with the present sordidness of the world. He believed it to be his duty to inject some romance into the daily grind.

On a rainy, muddy day he sallied forth to perform some knightly errand. He beheld a bewitching princess about to step from her limousine upon the dirty wet pavement. Hastening forward, he spread his fur coat under her dainty feet.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Well, of all the damn fools!" she exclaimed.



Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

—*Emerson.*



Josh Billings said:

"Laff every time yu pheel tickled—and laff once in a while enny how."



Courtship

The young man was telling his sweetheart how he had been attracted to her.

"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained to her. "I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese."

And then he wondered why she rose and left the room.

"Mama," said the Young Thing, "I want you to stop forcing me into Mr. Gottit's company all the time. People are talking."

"But, my dear," protested the Solicitous Lady, "he is a wonderful catch!"

"He may be, Mama, but if you keep on thinking you are pitcher, he'll get onto your curves and throw the game."



It was at the seashore and they were sitting on the beach, while the moon shone beautifully on the surging waves.

"What effect does a full moon have upon the tide?" she asked, looking sweetly up into his face.

"None," he replied, as he drew closer to her; "but it has considerable effect upon the un-tied."



A girl looked calmly at a caller one evening and remarked:

"George, as it is leap year—"

The caller turned pale.

"As it is leap year," she continued, "and you've been calling regularly now four nights a week for a long, long time, George, I propose—"

"I'm not in a position to marry on my salary Grace," George interrupted hurriedly.

"I know that, George," the girl pursued, "and so, as it is leap year, I thought I'd propose that you lay off and give some of the more eligible fellows a chance."



He was engaged to the daughter of a literary man. He was bold as a wooer, but the veriest coward when it came to approaching the fair one's father. So he waited outside the great man's study while the "fayre ladye" did the tackling. In five minutes she was out again and on her dress was pinned a slip of paper bearing the words:

"With the author's compliments."

SHE—"If wishes came true what would be your first?"

HE—"I would wish—ah, if only I dared tell you."

SHE—"Go on, go on. What do you think I brought up wishing for?"

—*Jack O'Lantern.*

The delinquent laggard swain had been telling of his ability as a presiding officer. The girl questioned him: "What is the parliamentary phrase when you wish to call for a vote?"

The answer was given with proud certainty:

"Are you ready for the question?"

"Yes, dearest," the girl confessed shyly. "Go ahead."

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows:

"If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say of it?"

"Well, I should say, never put off till tomorrow that which should have been done the day before yesterday."

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, addressing the students of Smith College, told a story.

"A young man," she said, "fell upon his left knee, clasped his hands and cried:

"'Miss McClintock—Mabel—if you refuse me, I shall never love another woman.'

"'And does that promise hold good,' said the young girl, 'if I accept you?'"

"So you want to marry Alice, do you?" asked the girl's father of her young man.

"Very much indeed," replied the youth.

"Can you support a family?"

The young man reflected a moment, and then asked, "How many are there of you, sir?"

In the soft firelight even the boarding-house sitting-room looked cozy and attractive. The warmth and comfort thawed the heart of the "star" boarder. He turned to the landlady and murmured, "Will you be my wife?"

"Let me see," replied the landlady, "you have been here four years. You have never once grumbled at the food or failed to pay my bill promptly and without question. No, sir, I'm sorry. You're too good a boarder to be put on the free list!"

"Yes, she rejected me, but she did it in a most encouraging way."

"How was that?"

"As I went away, she pointed to the footprints that I had made on the carpet, and said: 'The next time you come to propose to me, I want you to wipe your shoes clean!' "

He drew her close to him.

"Don't be afraid, darling!" he said gently. "Would you like me to ask your mother first?"

With a sudden cry of alarm she threw her arms around his neck.

"No, no!" she gasped. "Mother is a widow. I want you myself!"

HER MOTHER—"My daughter sings, plays the piano, paints, understands botany, zoology, French, Italian—in fact, is accomplished in every way. And you, sir?"

PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW—"Well, in an emergency I suppose I could cook a little and mend the socks."

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Charlie," she replied coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until ten o'clock. If I don't hear from you by then I am going to ask her."

She hurried up.

Long had he worshipped her at a distance, but his shyness prevented him from proposing. Then, one evening, for the sake of sweet charity, a theatrical performance took place, in which the charmer was leading lady and more adorable than ever. Afterward the shy admirer drew near, his love made valiant by the sight of her beauty. "You are the star of the evening," he said, as they stood alone in a corner.

"You are the first to tell me so," said the damsel, with a happy blush.

"Then," he retorted promptly, "may I not claim my reward as an astronomer?"

The lady looked puzzled. "What reward?" she asked.

"Why, the right to give my name to the star I have discovered!"



"He proposed to me last night, mother. What shall I do?"

"But, my dear daughter, you've only known him three weeks."

"I know that, mother, but on the other hand, if I delay in accepting him he might find out some things about me he won't like, too."



"Would you marry a man to reform him?"

"What does he do?"

"He drinks."

"Marry him, girlie, and find out where he gets it. We need him badly in our set."



The young man had offered his heart and hand to the fair damsel.

"Before giving you my decision," she said sweetly, "I wish to ask you a question." Then, as he nodded assent: "Do you drink anything?"

The young man replied without an instant of hesitation and proudly:

"Anything!"

And she fell into his arms.

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked.

"I'm not pensive," she replied.

"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Will you be my wife?"



One evening the young minister who had seemed rather attracted by "Big Sister" Grace, was dining with the family. "Little Sister" was talking rapidly while the visitor was about to ask the blessing. Turning to the child he said in a tone of mild reproof:

"Laura, I am going to ask grace."

"Well, it's about time," answered "Little Sister," in an equally reproving tone. "We've been expecting you to do it for a year, and she has, too."



HARRY—"Marry me and your smallest wishes will always be fulfilled."

CARRIE—"I am able to do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my biggest wishes."



There was a young man from the West,
Who loved a young lady with zest;
So hard did he press her
To make her say, "Yes, sir,"
That he broke three cigars in his vest.



Disarmament

They were not exactly the friendliest of neighbors, and one day the following note came from Jones to Smith:

"Mr. Jones presents his compliments to Mr. Smith and asks will he kindly shoot his dog, as he keeps Mr. Jones and his family awake?"

Whereupon Smith returned the following note:

"Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones and begs to inform the latter that he will be very glad to shoot his dog if Mr. Jones will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

✱

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—*Longfellow.*

✱

"What do you think of this disarmament idea?"

"I'm for it. If those people next door will sell their player piano, I'll agree to have my daughter stop taking singing lessons."

✱

Doctors

"Well, well," said Dr. Bigbill, as he met a former patient on the street, "I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Brown. How are you this morning?"

"First, Doctor," said Mr. Brown cautiously, "does it cost anything to tell you?"

✱

A medical student was talking to a surgeon about a case.

"What did you operate on the man for?" the student asked.

"Three hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

"Yes, I know," said the student. "I mean, what did the man have?"

"Three hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

✱

"What you need, Madam," said the physician to his fashionable lady patient, "is oxygen. Come every afternoon for your inhalations. They will cost you five dollars each."

"There," said the lady, "I just knew that other doctor didn't know his business. He told me all I needed was plain fresh air."

The little son of the physician, together with a friend, was playing in his father's office during the absence of the doctor, when suddenly the young host threw open a closet door and disclosed to the terrified gaze of his little friend an articulated skeleton.

When the visitor had sufficiently recovered from his shock to stand the announcement the doctor's son explained that his father was extremely proud of that skeleton.

"Is he?" asked the other. "Why?"

"I don't know," was the answer; "maybe it was his first patient."



"What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged."

"His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note calling for 10,000 kisses."

"Well?"

"I thought it was a prescription, and took it to the druggist to be filled."



A nervous woman went to have her throat examined by a specialist, who, while adjusting the laryngoscope, remarked: "You'd be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument."

"Is that so, doctor?" faltered the patient. Then after a pause, she said, "Before you begin, doctor, I ought to tell you that I really hadn't time to mend that hole in my stocking before I came here."



The three degrees in medical treatment—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.



The physician turned from the telephone to his wife:

"I must hurry to Mrs. Jones' boy—he's sick."

"Is it serious?"

"Yes. I don't know what's the matter with him, but she has a book on what to do before the doctor comes. So I must hurry. Whatever it is, she mustn't do it."

"Did the doctor tell you what you had?"

"No. He took what I had without telling me."

✽

"I called a doctor last night."

"Was anybody sick?"

"Yes; he was when he saw the hand I held."

✽

PATIENT—"Doctor, my son has scarlet fever, and the worst of it is that he admits he got it from kissing the maid."

DOCTOR (Soothingly) — "Young people will do thoughtless things."

PATIENT—"But, to be plain with you, I've kissed that girl myself."

DOCTOR—"By jove, that's too bad."

PATIENT—"And to make matters worse, as I kiss my wife every morning, I'm afraid that she too—"

DOCTOR (wildly)—"Good heavens! I, too, will have it."

✽

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on my vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the lady patients off to Europe."

✽

FRIEND—"What is the first thing you do when a man presents himself to you for consultation?"

DOCTOR—"I ask him if he has a car."

FRIEND—"What do you learn from that?"

DOCTOR—"If he has one, I know he is wealthy—and if he hasn't, I know he is healthy."

✽

"Why did they select the stork to couple with the doctor? Why not the eagle or the owl?"

"The stork is the bird with the biggest bill."

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."



PATIENT—"Doctor, I've known you so long now that it would be an insult for me to pay your bill, so I've arranged a handsome legacy for you in my will."

DOCTOR—"You don't mean it—I am overwhelmed—by the way, just let me take a look at the prescription again."



Diplomacy

Diplomacy has been defined as the art of letting someone else have your way.



I call'd the devil and he came,
 And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
 He is not ugly, and is not lame,
 But really a handsome and charming man.
 A man in the prime of life is the devil,
 Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
 A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,
 He talks quite glibly of church and state.

—Heine.

WIFE—"Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home."

HUSBAND—"At the counter where the sweet little blond works? The one with the soulful eyes and—"

WIFE—"No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thought, I won't bother you."



"Darling," whispered the ardent suitor, "I lay my fortune at your feet."

"Your fortune?" she replied in surprise. "I didn't know you had one."

"Well, it isn't much of a fortune, but it will look large besides those tiny feet."



Mrs. X.—"Bothered with time-wasting callers, are you? Why don't you try my plan?"

Mrs. Y.—"What is your plan?"

Mrs. X.—"Why, when the bell rings, I put on my hat and gloves before I press the button. If it proves to be some one I don't want to see, I simply say, 'So sorry, but I'm just going out.'"

Mrs. Y.—"But suppose it's some one you want to see?"

Mrs. X.—"Oh, then I say, 'So fortunate, I've just come in.'"



Drama

The average modern play calls in the first act for all our faith, in the second for all our hope, and in the last for all our charity.

—*Eugene Walter.*



I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the other. . . . To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.

—*Charlotte Cushman.*

The new play was a failure. After the first act, many left the theatre; at the end of the second, most of the others started out. A cynical critic as he rose from his aisle seat raised a restraining hand.

"Wait!" he commanded loudly. "Women and children first!"



Dreams

A certain young couple who were married some months ago never had a cloud to mar their happiness until recently. One morning the young wife came to breakfast in an extremely sullen and unhappy mood. To all her husband's inquiries she returned snappish answers. She was in no better frame of mind when he came home that evening for dinner, all of which mystified the young husband.

Finally, late in the evening, in reply to his insistent demands to know what the matter was, the wife burst into tears and replied:

"Henry, if ever I dream again that you have kissed another woman I'll never speak to you as long as I live."



"Mother, wasn't that a funny dream I had last night?" said little Rollo, busy with his breakfast cereal.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," replied his mother. "I haven't the slightest idea what your dream was about."

"Why, mother, of course you know," said the boy reproachfully. "You were in it."



Dress

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be-wit; "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't know that it is important," replied the storyteller. "But if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."

He had an invariable way of asking the wrong question or making the wrong comment. So it was, when at a dinner party his neighbor, a lady, said to him: "I am a thorough believer, you know, Mr. Smith, that men's clothes should match their hair; a black-haired man should wear black clothes, a brown-haired man should wear brown clothes. Don't you think so?"

"That may be," bungled Jones, "but suppose a man is bald?"



"So this is your daughter's coming-out dinner, is it?" a friend said to the debutante's father. "Yes," the stern old man replied, "and if I hadn't put my foot down on that dressmaker, she'd have been out even further than she is."



Helen, Rufus Choate's brilliant daughter, made the remark quoted without credit by Emerson:

"To a woman, the consciousness of being well dressed gives a sense of tranquillity which religion fails to bestow."



Ellen, Mrs. B's cook, had invested several months' savings in an elaborate Easter hat and gown, and had selected her afternoon off as the day in which she should burst forth in all her glory.

Having carefully arrayed herself, and longing for admiration, Ellen made an excuse to go into her mistress's presence, and waited for a compliment.

Knowing what was expected, Mrs. B. exclaimed:

"Why, Ellen, how splendid you are in your new hat and gown! I hope you will meet all your friends this afternoon, so that they may see your fine clothes."

Ellen smiled graciously at the compliment, but tossed her head at the suggestion.

"Me friends, mum? What'll I be wantin' to see them for?" she asked scornfully. "Sure, I don't care to make me friends jealous. It's me enemies I want to meet whin I'm dressed up!"

There had been a dressmaker in the house and Minnie had listened to long discussions about the very latest fashions. That night when she said her prayers, she added a new petition, uttered with unwonted fervency:

"And, dear Lord, please make us all very stylish."



Those reform preachers who designed the moral gown for women did a good job. Now to design a woman who will wear it.



Eating of the tree of knowledge constrained Eve to put on clothes, but it is different with her daughters.

.—*Columbia Record*.



A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is, too.



WIFE—"Women are not extravagant. A woman can dress smartly on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby."

HUSBAND—"That's right. What you dress on keeps me looking shabby."



"The doctor has ordered her to the seashore. Now they're having a consultation."

"Of doctors?"

"Of dressmakers."



Courtlandt Bleeker, at a dinner in Bar Harbor, deplored the tendency toward immodesty that still persists in women's fashions.

"However," he said, and as he spoke he raised on high his sparkling glass of ginger ale—"however, we can always hope for the best, and so, ladies and gentlemen, I offer the toast:

"Here's to the low neck and the short skirts—may they never meet!"

I cannot wear the old suit
I wore long years ago;
It's shiny at the shoulders,
My knees and elbows show.

But on investigation I
Discover this is true:
I cannot wear the old suit,
Nor can I buy a new.

❖
"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady. "Whaddy ya want—pink, yellow, or black?"

❖
They had been poor all their lives. Then one day Uncle Oscar died, leaving Henry a large sum of money. He cashed the check, hurried home, and threw the whole amount in his wife's lap. "At last, my dear," he said, "you will be able to buy yourself some decent clothes."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," sezz she. "I'll get the same kind that other women wear."

❖
"I say, Madge, it's bitterly cold. Hadn't you better put something on your chest?"

"Don't worry, old thing. I've powdered it three times."

❖ Drink

"Mr. Toastmaster, Gentlemen: I am asked to speak to the toast 'Water, the purest and best of all things God created.' I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleeping lids of infancy. I have seen it trickle down the blushing dimples of youth, and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in sparkling

dewdrops on the blades of grass and leaves of trees, flashing like polished diamonds when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory o'er the eastern hills. I have seen it tumble down the mountain sides in cascades fleecy as a bridal veil, with the music of liquid silver, filling the vast forest arches with symphonies sweet and dim. I have seen it in the flowing river, rippling over pebbly bottoms, purling about jutting stones, roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to mingle with the great Father of Waters, and in the Father of Waters I have seen it go in slow and majestic sweep to join the ocean. And I have seen it in the mighty ocean on whose broad bosom float the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world.

"But, gentlemen, I want to say to you now, as a beverage it is a failure."



"Mother, what is a dry martini?"

"Heavens on earth, child!"

"Oh!"

—Sun Dodger.



"There's nothing so hard to ride as a young broncho," said the Westerner. "Oh, I don't know," replied the man from back East. "Did you ever try the old water wagon?"



One of the wings of the plane had broken, and its pilot, after crashing through a mass of planking and plaster, found himself resting on a concrete surface in utter darkness.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly.

"You're in my cellar," came an ominous voice out of the blackness. "But I'm watching you."

—American Legion Weekly.



Thirsty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest are thirsty, too,
Except for him who hath home brew.

"Is this stuff guaranteed to make a rabbit slap a bulldog in the face?"

"My dear sir," said the bootlegger, with a pained expression. "This stuff will make a tenant snap his fingers under his landlord's nose."

A dry cellar was once considered a fine recommendation for a house.

A pussyfoot lecturer was talking in a certain hall one evening on the drink question.

"Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey, which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.

A Swede came down from the woods and, entering a saloon, asked for a drink of good old squirrel whiskey. The bartender said: "We have no squirrel whiskey, but we have some good Old Crow."

"Oh, Yudas Priest!" said the Swede, "I don't want to fly; I just want to hop around a little."

In the old days beyond recall a couple of rounders were sitting in a barroom imbibing cocktails. Presently one of them remarked: "Do you know, Bill, I think I'll buy this hotel."

"Wait till we've had a few more drinks," said Bill, "and I'll sell it to you."

One-half of the world doesn't know where the other half gets its liquor.

A soft drink, however, doesn't turn away any wrath.

Silence is said to be safe—yet a great deal of trouble comes from the still.

"Father, what is dry rot?" answered Johnny.

"Most any soft drink, my son," answered his father, who was nursing an unsatisfied thirst.



The wife complained to her husband that the chauffeur was very drunk indeed, and must be discharged instantly.

"Discharged—nothing!" the husband retorted joyously. "When he's sobered off, I'll have him take me out and show me where he got it."



They tell it of a Blue Grass statesman: He and a Pacific Coast member are much together. From cafe to cafe or bar to bar they progress together. The Blue Grass man late one evening appeared at one of the usual halting places alone, carrying weight and exuding dignity.

"You sheen Blank thish evenin'?" he inquired of the mixologist.

"He was here about half an hour ago."

The Blue Grass statesman considered the information carefully, and then, fixing the practitioner with a cold, suspicious eye, gravely demanded:

"Was I with him?"



"Have you any of those hollow book forms that look like the real thing?" asked Colonel Biffkins.

"We don't carry anything of that sort," replied the salesman. "May I ask what you want with them?"

"I'm restocking my library. I have just discovered that some of my choicest volumes leak."



A man in a very deep state of intoxication was shouting and kicking most vigorously at a lamp post, when the noise attracted a near-by policeman.

"What's the matter?" he asked the energetic one.

"Oh, never mind, mishter. Thash all right," was the reply; "I know she'sh home all right—I shee a light upshtairs."

"What dey do to dat Jones boy fo' selling dat booze, Aunt 'Liza?"

"What dey do? Lawd, chile, dey done give him two yeahs in de house of representatives."



Two Southern gentlemen, who were of very convivial habits, chanced to meet on the street at nine o'clock in the morning after an evening's revel together. The major addressed the colonel with decorous solemnity:

"Colonel, how do you feel, suh?"

The colonel left nothing doubtful in the nature of his reply:

"Major," he declared tartly, "I feel like thunder, suh, as any Southern gentleman should, suh, at this hour of the morning!"



The old toper was asked if he had ever met a certain gentleman, also notorious for his bibulous habits.

"Know him!" was the reply. "I should say I do! Why, I got him so drunk one night it took three hotel porters to put me to bed."



"Where can I get a drink in this town?" asked a traveling man who landed at a little town in the oil region of Oklahoma, of the 'bus driver.

"See that millinery shop over there?" asked the driver, pointing to a building near the depot.

"You don't mean to say they sell whiskey in a millinery store?" exclaimed the drummer.

"No, I mean that's the only place here they don't sell it," said the 'bus man.



The new soda clerk was a mystery, until he himself revealed his shameful past quite unconsciously by the question he put to the girl who had just asked for an egg-shake.

"Light or dark?" he asked mechanically.

Druggists

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves.

"What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?"

"No. But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?"

"Yes, but what—"

"Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."



"Of course," said the lady to the druggist, "it may be perfectly harmless, just as you say; but then, you know, there has been so much exposure of patent medicines and such goods that I—"

"My dear madam," interrupted the druggist, "I beg to assure you in the strongest terms that you need not apprehend any—"

"I know; but I read in one magazine where lots of people had acquired the drink and drug habits through using such remedies, and—"

"Impossible in this case. Why, you can see for yourself that—"

"Will you give me your word of honor that it contains no alcohol?"

"I would swear it on a stack of Bibles," answered the druggist.

"Then I'll take it."

And then the druggist wrapped up the porous plaster for her.



OLD LADY (to druggist)—"I want a box of canine pills."

DRUGGIST—"What's the matter with the dog?"

OLD LADY (indignantly)—"I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman."

The druggist put up some quinine pills in profound silence.

"Don't I look pretty tonight?" she asked expectantly.

"Splendid," he replied, but without enthusiasm.

"You're so cold," she protested. "Other men pay me homage though I seek it not. But you—why is it you never seem to—to care?"

"Perhaps," he said, "it is best that I should tell you. The fact is, I worked for several years in a drug store."

✱

ETHEL (studying grammar)—"Say, Reggie, if a man druggist is called a pharmacist, what would you call a woman druggist?"

REGGIE—"A pharmacister, of course."

✱

Eating

The Southern Colonel at Saratoga Springs, in the days before prohibition, directed the colored waiter at his table in the hotel:

"You-all kin bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"An' what is that, sir?" the waiter inquired doubtfully.

The Colonel explained:

"Bring me a big steak, a bulldog, and a quart of Bourbon whiskey."

"But why do you order a bulldog?" asked the puzzled waiter.

"To eat the steak, suh!" snapped the Colonel.

✱

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "aren't you going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles with butter, sir, are fifteen hundred dollars and fifty cents. If you take it without butter, sir, it is only fifteen hundred dollars, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.



Robert Louis Stevenson, while in San Francisco was explaining to a friend at a restaurant a peculiarity of the local waiters which was that under no circumstances would they admit that they did not have anything that might be called for on the bill-of-fare.

"They will take your order for a slice of the moon," said he, "and go away as if they meant to fetch it, and then come back and say that they are just out of it."

To prove it he called the waiter and said:

"A double order of broiled behemoth."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "will you have it rare or well done?"

"Well done," said Stevenson.

Pretty soon the waiter returned:

"I am very sorry, but we are just out of behemoth."

"What, no more behemoth?" asked the novelist in feigned astonishment.

The waiter lowered his voice.

"We have some more, sir," he whispered confidentially, "but the truth is, I would not bring it to you as it was not quite fresh."



Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks.

—*David Garrick.*



"The path of civilization is paved with tin cans."

—*The Philistine.*

"Good gracious!" said a wag to a waiter in a downtown restaurant the other day as he was using the pepper caster over a dish of oysters, "this pepper is half peas." The waiter was indignant and assured the gentleman that it was the best to be had for any money. "Nevertheless," said the wag, "your pepper is one half peas. Suppose you spell it."



Little Elizabeth and her mother were having luncheon together, and the mother, who always tried to impress facts upon her young daughter, said:

"These little sardines, Elizabeth, are sometimes eaten by the larger fish."

Elizabeth gazed at the sardines in wonder, and then asked:

"But, mother, how do the large fish get the cans open?"



"Mama, I want a dark breakfast."

"Dark breakfast? What do you mean, child?"

"Why, last night you told Mary to give me a light supper, and I didn't like it."



A fastidious friend of ours, being down on Atlantic Avenue on business the other day, dropped into a hashery for lunch. It was a rough, ill-smelling place, but he thought he could manage to get down a cup of coffee and a doughnut, so he ordered them. The waitress brought his coffee in a thick, heavy cup.

"Where's the saucer?" inquired our fastidious friend.

"We don't give no saucers here," replied the girl, turning her wad of gum. "If we did, some lowbrows would come blowin' and drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot of our swell trade."

—*Boston Transcript.*



"Mother," asked the little one, on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"

There was a young woman named Myrtle
Who carried a plate of mock turtle,
But, sad to relate, she slipped with the plate,
And all the mock turtle turned turtle.

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold:
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"
She scornfully answered: "I can't help that;
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

CHAUFFEUR—"Cup of coffee, doughnuts, and some
griddle cakes."

WAITRESS—"Cylinder oil, couple of non-skid, and an
order of blow-out patches."

Dr. C—, who was called to the far end of Long
Island to extract an appendix, missed the last train back,
stayed over night in a miserable hotel, and was waited
on at breakfast by a sallow and cadaverous country
girl. Said she:

"Boiled tongue, stewed kidneys, fried liver."

Said he:

"Hang your symptoms! Bring me something to eat!"

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey, the preacher
said was up there must be canned stuff."

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they
that starve with nothing. —*Shakespeare.*

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep
the body in health?"

There was silence till one maiden held up her hand
and replied:

"Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteids, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wobbled into a Penn avenue restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?"

The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."



Consider the ways of the little green cucumber, which never does its best fighting till it's down.

—Stanford Chaparral.



AFFABLE WAITER—"How did you find that steak, sir?"

GUEST—"Oh, quite accidentally. I moved that piece of potato and there it was, underneath."



Editors

The city editor of a great New York daily was known in the newspaper world as a martinet and severe disciplinarian. Some of his caustic and biting criticisms are classics. Once, however, the tables were turned upon him in a way that left him speechless for days.

A reporter on the paper wrote an article that the city editor did not approve of. The morning of publication this reporter drifted into the office and encountered his chief, who was in a white heat of anger. Carefully suppressing the explosion, however, the boss started in with ominous and icy words:

"Mr. Blank, I am not going to criticize you for what you have written. On the other hand, I am profoundly sorry for you. I have watched your work recently, and it is my opinion, reached after calm and dispassionate

observation, that you are mentally unbalanced. You are insane. Your mind is a wreck. Your friends should take you in hand. The very kindest suggestion I can make is that you visit an alienist and place yourself under treatment. So far you have shown no sign of violence, but what the future holds for you no one can tell. I say this in all kindness and frankness. You are discharged."

The reporter walked out of the office and wandered up to Bellevue Hospital. He visited the insane pavilion, and told the resident surgeon that there was a suspicion that he was not all right mentally and asked to be examined. The doctor put him through the regular routine and then said:

"Right as a top."

"Sure?" asked the reporter. "Will you give me a certificate to that effect?" The doctor said he would and did. Clutching the certificate tightly in his hand the reporter entered the office an hour later, walked up to the city editor, handed it to him silently, and then blurted out:

"Now you go get one."



The way of the transgressor is well written up.



EDITOR—"You wish a position as a proofreader?"

APPLICANT—"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?"

"Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistakes in the paper, just blame 'em on me and I'll never say a word."



The editor of the country paper went home to supper, smiling radiantly.

"Have you had some good luck?" his wife questioned.

"Luck! I should say so. Deacon Tracey, who hasn't paid his subscription for ten years, came in and stopped his paper."

Some one sent the editor of a Missouri paper a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. The result was as follows:

"Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about sixty guests including two milch cows, six mules and one bobsled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with about 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal party left on one good John Deere Gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby carriage and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from date of sale to respectable parties and some chickens."



"Getting out a daily column is no picnic," confesses a daily getter-out in the Niles Sun-Star. "If we print jokes, folks say we are silly—if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety; if we publish things from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write. If we stay in the office, we ought to be out rustling news; if we rustle for news, we are not attending to business in the office. If we wear old clothes, we are insolvents; if we wear new clothes, they are not paid for. What in thunder is a poor editor to do anyhow? Like as not someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. We did."



Booth Tarkington says that in no state have the newspapers more "journalistic enterprise" than in his native Indiana. While stopping at a little Hoosier hotel in the course of a hunting trip Mr. Tarkington lost one of his dogs.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" he asked of the landlord.

"Right across the way, there, back of the shoemaker's," the landlord told him. "The *Daily News*—best little paper of its size in the state."

The editor, the printer, and the printer's devil were all busy doing justice to Mr. Tarkington with an "in-our-midst" paragraph when the novelist arrived.

"I've just lost a dog," Tarkington explained after he had introduced himself, "and I'd like to have you insert this ad for me: 'Fifty dollars reward for the return of a pointer dog answering to the name of Rex. Disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night'."

"Why, we are just going to press, sir," the editor said, "but we'll be only too glad to hold the edition for your ad."

Mr. Tarkington returned to the hotel. After a few minutes he decided, however, that it might be well to add, "No questions asked" to his advertisement, and returned to the *Daily News* office.

The place was deserted, save for the skinny little freckle-faced devil, who sat perched on a high stool, gazing wistfully out of the window.

"Where is everybody?" Tarkington asked.

"Gone to hunt for the dog," replied the devil.



If you have frequent fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well, but liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice.

—*Mountain Echo*.



Some little time ago a correspondent wrote to the New York "Sun" and asked, "What is the Social Purity League anyhow?"

And the editor—always caustic in his humor wrote: "A number of pure men and women whose happiness consists in finding impure things."

When Earth's last paper is finished and the type is
scrambled and pied,
When the roar of the press becomes fainter and sheets
are folded and dried;
We shall rest, and Faith, we shall need it, for the way
has been weary and long,
And oft have we heard that chestnut, "Young man, you
have quoted me wrong."



A business house, having been solicited for some
advertising by a newspaper, wrote back asking what
territory the paper covered. The editor replied: "This
paper goes from New York to San Francisco, from
Canada to the Gulf, and it keeps me working until two
o'clock in the morning to keep it from going to Hades."



Some of the finest jokes extant come through the fact
that the printer's finger slips. Here are some which,
like all others, are funny a long, long, long time after-
ward—never at the time.

A Chicago paper reported that the propeller *Alaska*
was leaving port with a cargo of 40,000 bushels of cats.

A Buffalo paper, in describing the scene when Roose-
velt took the oath of office as President, said it was a
spectacle never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before
the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a few wit-
nesses, took his simple bath.



English Language

There was a prominent lawyer in San Francisco who
prided himself on his astuteness in questioning Chinese
witnesses. He was very near-sighted, however, and on
one occasion got into difficulty through failing to notice
that the dress of a certain Chinese witness was of finer
texture than that worn by the ordinary coolie. The fol-
lowing dialogue ensued.

"What is your name?"

"Sell Lung."

"Do you live in San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"Do you savvy God?"

"Mr. Attorney, if you mean to ask whether I comprehend the entity of our Creator, I will merely reply that on next Thursday evening I shall address the State Ministerial Association upon the subject of 'The Divinity of Christ,' and I shall be pleased if you will attend."

To the day of his death the celebrated lawyer will never escape the question, "You savvy God?"

A man got in a cab at a Southern railway station and said: "Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, whipped up his horse and drove a block; then he leaned over to address his passenger: "'Scuse me, boss; whar d' you say you wanten go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh." After another block there was the same performance: "'Scuse me, boss, but whar d' you say you wanten go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the somewhat impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal: "Now, look-a-here, boss, I be'n drivin' in dis town twenty year', and I ain't never give nobody away yit. Now, you jes tell dis nigger whar 't is you wanten go."

An American gentleman got acquainted with a Frenchman who was very anxious to acquire the English language. The American in order to help him said that if he would send his exercises to him he would willingly correct them.

Nothing was heard from the Frenchman for some time but finally a letter came couched in the following choice English:

"In small time I can learn so many English from his text-book and her dictionary as I think I will to come at the America and to go on the scaffold to lecture."

"Ethel," said the bishop, "you seem to be a bright little girl; can you repeat a verse from the Bible?"

"I'll say I can."

"Well, my dear, let us have it."

"The Lord is my shepherd—I should worry."



Samuel Merwin, the writer, while traveling in China saw some Chinese house-coats of striking design in a Hongkong shop-window and stepped in to purchase one.

"Wantum coatee," said Mr. Merwin to the sleepy-eyed Oriental who shuffled up with a grunt. He placed several of the coats before him.

"How muchee Melican monee?" inquired Mr. Merwin.

"It would aid me in transacting this sale," said the Chinaman, "if you would confine your language to your mother tongue. The coat is seven dollars."

Mr. Merwin took it.



A boy and his mother were taking in the circus.

Looking at the hippopotamus, he said: "Ma, ain't that the ugliest damn thing you ever saw?"

"Bill," said his ma, "didn't I tell you never to say 'ain't'."



The latest example of English as she is spoken comes from Egypt, where a native interpreter, who had overstayed his leave, wrote the following letter to his chief:

"My absence is impossible. Someone has removed my wife. My God, I am annoyed."



"Dat wasn't a bad epigram of de judge's," said Plodding Pete.

"What did he say?"

"Thoity days."

"Dat ain't no epigram, is it?"

"Sure it is. I asked a fellow what an epigram is, and he says it's a short sentence dat sounds light, but gives you considerable to think about."

A babu, or native clerk, in India, who prided himself on his mastery of the English tongue and skill in its idioms, sent the following telegram in announcement of his mother's death:

"Regret to announce that hand which rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."



Epitaphs

A Tired Woman's Epitaph. (Before 1850.)

Here lies a poor woman,
 Who always was tired;
 She lived in a house
 Where help was not hired;
 Her last words on earth were,
 "Dear friends I am going
 Where washing ain't done,
 Nor sweeping nor sewing;
 But everything there is exact to my wishes,
 For where they don't eat
 There's no washing of dishes;
 I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing;
 But having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing;
 Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
 I'm going to do nothing, forever and ever."



"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Someone added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"He did his best."



On one of the tombstones in an old New England cemetery appears the following inscription:

Here Lies Jonathan Steele—Good and Upright Citizen. Weighed 250 pounds. Open Wide Ye Golden Gates.

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

—*John Dryden.*



Eugenics

A stunning specimen of the Princeton Tiger was fondly holding the hand of the pretty little Vassar lass, and at last he approached the leading subject courageously.

"I have carefully studied the matter from the scientific point of view, and am thoroughly convinced that we are fitted one for the other."

"Please explain yourself," said she, looking up at him with her large, bright eyes.

"It is simply this," he continued, "according to science, which is the only way to approach the subject. You see, you are light and I am dark. You are short and I am tall. You are small and I am large and powerful. You are sprightly, vivacious; I am somewhat sober and phlegmatic. In short, we are opposites, and opposites should marry."

"Yes," she replied; "but there are exceptions to all such rules, and I know of one in this case that is sufficient. I cannot marry you."

"In what respect is this exception made?" he demanded excitedly.

"You see," she smiled up at him again, "you are like me in this: I could never earn my own living."



Executives

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, having someone at whose door to lay the blame."

Qualifications for an Executive

To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. To do some things better than they were done before. To eliminate errors. To know both sides of a question. To be courteous. To set an example. To work for the love of work. To anticipate requirements. To develop resources. To master circumstances. To act from reason rather than from rule. To be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.

—*H. Gordon Selfridge.*



Fiction

The new member of the club listened with solemn interest to the various stories that were told in the smoking room. They were good stories, and obviously lies, and each of them was a bigger lie than any that had gone before. Finally, the company insisted that the new member should relate a tale. He refused at first, but under pressure yielded, and gave a vivid account of a shipwreck at sea during one of his voyages. He described the stress of the terrible situation with such power that his hearers were deeply impressed. He reached the point in his account where only the captain and himself and half a dozen others were left aboard the doomed vessel, after the last of the boats had been lowered.

"And then," he concluded, "a vast wave came hurtling down on us. It was so huge that it shut out all the sky. It crashed over the already sinking ship in a torrent of irresistible force. Under that dreadful blow the laboring vessel sank, and all those left on board of her were drowned."

The narrator paused and there was a brief period of tense silence. But presently someone asked:

"And you—what became of you?"

"Oh, I," was the reply, "why I was drowned with the rest of them."

The humorist offered his latest invention in the way of a puzzle to the assembly of guests in the drawing-room:

"Can you name an animal that has eyes and cannot see; legs and cannot walk, but can jump as high as the Woolworth Building?"

Everybody racked his brains during a period of deep silence, and racked in vain. Finally, they gave it up and demanded the solution. The inventor of the puzzle beamed.

"The answer," he said, "is a wooden horse. It has eyes and cannot see, and legs and cannot walk."

"Yes," the company agreed. "But how does it jump as high as the Woolworth Building?"

"The Woolworth Building," the humorist explained, "can't jump."



The teacher directed the class to compose fiction narrative. The most interesting story submitted ran as follows:

"A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady who kept a candy store. The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady's daughter because he had not money enough to buy any furniture.

"A wicked man offered to give the young man twenty-five dollars if he would become a drunkard. The young man wanted the money very much, so he could marry the rich candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the saloon he turned to the wicked man and said, 'I will not become a drunkard even for twenty-five dollars. Get from behind me, Satan.'

"On his way home he found a pocketbook containing a million dollars in gold. Then the young lady consented to marry him. They had a beautiful wedding, and the next day they had twins. Thus you see that Virtue has its own reward."

Finance

Willie had a savings bank;
'Twas made of painted tin.
He passed it 'round among the boys,
Who put their pennies in.

Then Willie wrecked that bank and bought
Sweetmeats and chewing gum.
And to the other envious lads
He never offered some.

"What will we do?" his mother said:
"It is a sad mischance."
His father said: "We'll cultivate
His gift for high finance."



HICKS—"I've got to borrow \$200 somewhere."

WICKS—"Take my advice and borrow \$300 while you
are about it."

"But I only need \$200."

"That doesn't make any difference. Borrow \$300 and
pay back \$100 of it in two installments at intervals of a
month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will
think he is going to get the rest of it."



Talking of the frenzied finance agitation that has
been going the rounds lately, a Washington official tells
how a constituent of his out in California manages to
do things.

This friend bought a new auto and mortgaged his
home to pay for it. Then he built a garage.

"How are you going to pay for the garage?" asked a
friend.

"Cinch," said the other; "I've mortgaged the car."

"But what'll you do when these mortgages fall due?"
persisted the friend.

"Easy," replied the frenzied financier. "Then I'll
mortgage the garage."

It is said J. P. Morgan could raise \$10,000,000 on his check any minute; but the man who is raising a large family on \$9 a week is a greater financier than Morgan.



A very black little girl made her way into the presence of the lady of the house, and with much embarrassment, but very clearly, explained who she was, and what her mission:

"Please, mum, I'se Ophelia. I'se de washerwoman's little girl, an' mama, she sent me to say, would you please to len' her a dime. She got to pay some bills."



The successful financier snorted contemptuously.

"Money! pooh! there are a million ways of making money."

"But only one honest way," a listener declared.

"What way is that?" the financier demanded.

"Naturally, you wouldn't know," was the answer.



The eminent financier was discoursing.

"The true secret of success," he said, "is to find out what the people want."

"And the next thing," someone suggested, "is to give it to them."

The financier shook his head contemptuously.

"No—to corner it."



Flattery

Flattery is a sort of moral peroxide—it turns many a woman's head.



"You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work."

"I know, mum. And you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

After that speech he got a square meal and no reference to the woodpile.

OLD MAID—"But why should a great strong man like you be found begging?"

WAYFARER—"Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."



Fools

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

—*Cowper.*



Fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

—*Gay.*



FATHER—"Well, son, you certainly made a fool of yourself! That girl robbed you of every cent you had."

SON—"Well, dad, you have to hand it to me for picking them clever."



Two Hebrews went in business together in a small town, and one went to New York to buy the goods, while the other stayed at home. The one that stayed at home got the bills a few days after his partner was in New York. The bills came as follows: "24 doz. neckwear and 4 doz. ditto; 24 suits and 4 ditto; 18 pants and 12 ditto." This ditto part bothered the one at home and he telegraphed his brother to come home. When his brother arrived he showed him the bills and said:

"Vat do it mean you shall buy ditto for a closing (clothing) business?"

His brother said: "I buy ditto?"

"Yes, here's de bills."

"Vell, dey stuck me in New York."

So he returned to New York and found that ditto meant the same. He came back home, and his brother meeting him at the depot said:

"Vell, Abie, did you find out vat ditto is?"

And Abie said: "Yes, I find out vat a ditto is—I'm a damn fool and you're a ditto."

He explained it clearly to her: "Wise men hesitate, you see. None but fools will say they're certain."

"Are you sure of that?" said she.

"Yes," he answered, "I am certain—certain as can be of that."

Then he wondered just what she was laughing at.



Friendship

From quiet homes and first beginnings

Out to the undiscovered ends

There's nothing worth the wear of winning

Save laughter and the love of friends.

—*Hilaire Belloc.*



If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

—*Samuel Johnson.*



Since gold cannot avail

To stretch my life one hair,

For it, then, should I wail

Or for it have a care?

Nay, rather be it mine,

Whatever Fortune sends,

To have good store of wine,

Sweet books and hosts of friends.



Future

I announce myself unblushingly and with perfect confidence. Nobody has anything on me.

Nobody can ever supplant me in the affections and desires of men. I am supreme mogul of the universe.

Everybody is working for me. Asking nothing for myself, all men expect everything of me. I withhold nothing and grant as little as I like. Men may doubt fire and the stars, but not me.

Nobody ever saw me, yet I am the one reality. Nobody knows anything about me. So long as time shall last my secret is safe. Yet I am ever on the lips of men. My name is lisped by the toddling infant and chortled by hoary-headed sages.

I am the one that you will eventually disown.

I am *tomorrow*.



Golf

Once when John D. Rockefeller was playing golf a negro lad crossed the links. Mr. Rockefeller had just given the ball a vigorous stroke, and the lad received the missile squarely on the head. It was a heavy blow, but it only stunned the boy a little, and after blinking his eyes for a moment he was himself again.

Mr. Rockefeller, who had rushed up fearing that the boy had been badly injured, was relieved to find that he took it so calmly, and, pulling a five-dollar bill from his pocket, he gave it to the youngster as a salve for his feelings.

The boy looked at the bill and grinned with delight. Then he looked at Mr. Rockefeller and inquired: "When is you goin' to be playin' again?"



Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supperward Sandy said to Jock:

"Jock, mon, I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn'."

"The mornn'?" Jock repeated.

"Aye, mon, the mornn'," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn'."

"Aye, weel," said Jock, "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get marriet in the mornn'."



Among the latest golf stories is one that comes from England of a cockney who was spending his Christmas in Scotland, the home of the game, and went out on the links to try his luck.

After trying in vain to hit the ball he became enraged because the caddie laughed at his awkwardness.

"If you laugh again," he exclaimed, "I'll hit you over the head,—so there!"

"Ah, weel," returned the caddie, backing to a safe distance, "I'll bet ye 'wouldn't know the right club to do it with!"



The game of golf, as every humorist knows, is conducive to profanity. It is also a terrible strain on veracity, every man being his own umpire.

Four men were playing golf on a course where the hazard on the ninth hole was a deep ravine.

They drove off. Three went into the ravine and one managed to get his ball over. The three who had dropped into the ravine walked up to have a look. Two of them decided not to try to play their balls out and gave up the hole. The third said he would go down and play out his ball. He disappeared into the deep crevasse. Presently his ball came bobbing out and after a time he climbed up.

"How many strokes?" asked one of his opponents.

"Three."

"But I heard six."

"Three of them were echoes!"



When Mark Twain came to Washington to try to get a decent copyright law passed, a representative took him out to Chevy Chase.

Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he consented to walk over the course and watch the representative's strokes. The representative was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion he said to his guest: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief.

The other day upon the links a distinguished clergyman was playing a closely contested game of golf. He carefully teed up his ball and addressed it with the most approved grace; he raised his driver and hit the ball a tremendous clip, but instead of soaring into the azure it perversely went about twelve feet to the right and then buzzed around in a circle. The clerical gentleman frowned, scowled, pursed up his mouth and bit his lips, but said nothing, and a friend who stood by him said: "Doctor, that is the most profane silence I ever witnessed."



BROWN—"I wish I belonged to a golf club."

JONES—"You don't need to."

BROWN—"How so?"

JONES—"Just walk five miles or so, and every 20 or 30 yards hit the pavement a hard whack with your stick and swear."



John D. Rockefeller tells this story on himself:

"Golfing one bright winter day I had for caddie a boy who didn't know me.

"An unfortunate stroke landed me in clump of high grass.

" 'My, my,' I said, 'what am I to do now?'

" 'See that there tree?' said the boy, pointing to a tall tree a mile away. 'Well, drive straight for that.'

"I lofted vigorously, and, fortunately, my ball soared up into the air; it landed, and it rolled on to the putting green.

" 'How's that, my boy?' I cried.

"The caddie stared at me with envious eyes.

" 'Gee, boss,' he said, 'if I had your strength and you had my brains what a pair we'd make!'



"I hear, Si, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

"Wall, tol'able. It's a leetle harder than hoein' corn, an' a leetle easier than diggin' potatoes."

"What do you think is the most difficult thing for a beginner to learn about golf?"

"To keep from talking about it all the time."

"What is considered a good score on these links?"

"Well, sir," replied the youthful caddie solemnly, "most of the gents tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it gin'r'ally takes some more."

The two miners had never seen golf played before. They stood watching a fat, unskillful player at work in a bunker. The sand flew up, but the ball remained. Seven agonizing shots had been played. The player stopped for breath, and then made his eighth attempt. The ball was lobbed up, dropped on the green, and rolling gently to the pin, settled in the hole.

"Bagum, Bill," said one miner to the other, "he's got a devil of a job on now."

A well-known New Jersey doctor was playing golf with a well-known New Jersey minister.

"Well, what are we playing for?" asked the doctor.

"Why, it's rather out of my line to put up anything," replied the minister.

"Well," insisted the doctor, "we ought to play for something; so I'll put up a pill and you put up a prayer."

"I hear you've taken up golf. What do you go round in?"

"Well, usually in a sweater."

Highways

They took a little gravel,
And took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar;
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away

They said they had a pavement
 To last for many a day.
 They came with picks and smote it,
 To lay a water main,
 And they called the workmen
 To put it back again;
 To lay a railway cable
 They took it up once more,
 And then they put it back again
 Just where it was before.
 They took it up for conduits,
 To run the telephone,
 And then they put it back again
 As hard as any stone;
 They tore it up for wires,
 To feed the 'lectric light,
 And then they put it back again,
 Which was no more than right.
 Oh, the pavement's full of furrows,
 There are patches everywhere;
 You'd like to ride upon it,
 But it's seldom that you dare.
 It's a very handsome pavement,
 A credit to the town;
 They're always digging of it up
 Or puttin' of it down.

—*Chicago Commerce.*

WILLIE—"Paw, why is the way of the trangressor hard?"

PAW—"Because so many people have tramped on it, my son."

Hospitality

This is the way in which Henry Watterson welcomed the presidential party at Louisville:

"We turn over to you our houses and our horses, and there is the jug, and the sugar, and the ice, and the

mint. We even surrender to you the hip pocket playthings with which we are wont sometimes to amuse ourselves. And if you can't make yourselves at home, and pass the time pleasantly, may the Lord have mercy on your souls."



A young married man in Boston met a friend of his bachelor days and insisted on his coming home with him to lunch. His wife was unprepared for visitors, and calling him aside told him she had only one dozen oysters, and that when his friend had eaten his quota of four he must not be asked to take any more. In spite of his promise to remember, when the guest had eaten his four the host pressed him to take more. The wife looked distressed and the friend declined. The husband insisted, the wife looked in agony, and the guest firmly refused to have the rest of the oysters brought from the kitchen.

Later, the wife said to her husband:

"How could you urge him to have more oysters when I had explained to you that there weren't any more?"

"I'm very sorry," said the penit at husband, "but I forgot all about it."

"Forgot about it! What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?" retorted his wife.

"But you didn't kick me," said the husband.



Hotels

"Where's that hotel that used to advertise, 'All the Comforts of Home for One Dollar'?"

"Busted up. The hotel opposite put up a sign: 'None of the Discomforts of Home for Two Dollars.'"



"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?"

"Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I presume it will be better for me to keep my views to myself."

A drunken Swede lurched up to the desk of a large hotel and said to the clerk: "I want to get a room." "What kind of a room do you wish?" asked the clerk. "I want to get room 42," replied the Swede. "But perhaps room 42 is engaged," said the clerk. "Don't make no difference," said the Swede, "I yust want room 42 and I don't want no other room." The clerk now inspected his register and replied: "I am sorry, my friend, but room 42 is taken for the night by Mr. Peter Peterson." "Sure," replied the prospective guest, "Peter Peterson, thash me, I yus fall out the window and I want to get back up."

Uncle Nehemiah, the proprietor of a ramshackle little hotel in Mobile, was aghast at finding a newly arrived guest with his arm around his daughter's waist.

"Mandy, tell that niggah to take his arm from around yo' wais'," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Amanda. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

In a hotel in a small Iowa town a traveling salesman was objecting strenuously to the wash basin and towel.

"Landlord," he said, "don't you know that it is now contrary to law in this state to use roller towels? You must provide a separate towel for each guest or you are subject to fine and imprisonment."

"Huh," retorted the landlord, "you can't do nothin' to me. That towel was hung up there before that law was passed."

"We will do our best, Mr. Sprawl, to make you feel at home here," smiled the hotel clerk, who had acquired the idea that it pays to be good and kind to all.

"You needn't to mind, sir," replied Sanford Sprawl, of Puxico. "That's just what I came away from home to get a change from. What I want is to feel like I'm at a hotel."

A traveler who alighted from the train in a small Southern town was greeted by a colored porter, who shouted at him, "Palace hotel, boss!" and grabbed the traveler's baggage, and the latter said, "Wait a minute, Rastus. Is this hotel American or European?" and Rastus replied, "I dunno, boss, but I thinks they'se Irish."



Once upon a time there lived an elderly millionaire who had four nephews. Desiring to make one of these his heir, he tested their cleverness.

He gave to each a \$100.00 bill, with the request that they hide the bills for a year in the city of New York.

Any of them who should succeed in finding the hidden bill at the end of the year should share in the inheritance.

The year being over, the four nephews brought their reports.

The first, deeply chagrined, told how he had put his bill in the strongest and surest safe deposit vault, but, alas, clever thieves had broken in and stolen it.

The second had put his in charge of a tried and true friend. But the friend has proved untrustworthy and had spent the money.

The third had hidden his bill in a crevice in the floor of his room, but a mouse had nibbled it to bits to build her nest.

The fourth nephew calmly produced his \$100.00 bill, as crisp and as fresh as when it had been given him.

"And where did you hide it?" asked his uncle.

"Too easy! I stuck it in a hotel bible."

—*Carolyn Wells.*



A bellhop passed through the hall of the St. Francis Hotel whistling loudly.

"Young man," said Manager Woods sternly, "you should know that it is against the rules of this hotel for an employee to whistle while on duty."

"I am not whistling, sir," replied the boy, "I'm paging Mrs. Jones' dog."

"I hear you want a room clerk."

"No, we never have any rooms. What we want is a clerk who can satisfy people in assigning them to billiard tables, telephone booths and cots in the halls."



Husband and Wife

Smith and Jones were discussing the question of who should be head of the house—the man or the woman.

"I am the head of my establishment," said Jones. "I am the bread-winner. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well," replied Smith, "before my wife and I were married we made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all major things, my wife in all the minor."

"How has it worked?" queried Jones.

Smith smiled, "So far," he replied, "no major matters have come up."



A tired business man's patience had been most sorely taxed. At the end of a heavy day's work he pulled down his roll-top and remarked, "Well, I will hurry home and get a good dinner. Then I will do a little reading and get to bed early and enjoy a good night's rest." He went home and enjoyed a splendid dinner, after which he put on his smoking jacket and was just about to pull on his carpet slippers when his wife entered the room and said, "Why, John, don't you know that we have a theatre engagement with the Browns this evening?" He said, sighing inwardly but outwardly smiling, "I am very sorry, dear. I quite forgot about it. I will run upstairs and get dressed immediately." Three hours later he was congratulating himself that it was about over and he would soon be able to gratify at least part of his early-to-bed ambition when his wife suddenly whispered: "John, dear, the last time we went to the theatre with the Browns they invited us to supper afterwards. You won't fail to reciprocate this time, will you?" He said, smilingly, "Oh, I quite forgot, my dear. Certainly we shall invite them

to supper with us." Very gracious to his friends and very sweet and tender to his wife during the meal. About half-past one in the morning they said good-bye and he secured a taxicab and proceeded home with his wife. Sleet had begun to fall rather heavily. When they reached their residence, he jumped out politely, and as he helped his wife carefully out of the vehicle he said, oh, so tenderly, "Now be careful, dear, for it is very slippery and you might fall and break your dear damn neck!"



A dandy, with more good looks than brains, married a rich and accomplished, but very homely woman. One day he said to her,

"My dear, ugly as you are, I love you as well as though you were pretty."

"Thank you, Love. Fool as you are, I love you as well as though you had wit."



The wife of an overworked promoter said at breakfast:

"Will you post this letter for me, dear? It's to the furrier, countermanding my order for that \$900 sable and ermine stole. You'll be sure to remember?"

The tired eyes of the harrassed, shabby promoter lit up with joy. He seized a skipping-rope that lay with a heap of dolls and toys in a corner, and going to his wife said:

"Here, tie my right hand to my left foot so I won't forget!"



Owen Wister, the novelist, apropos of useless questions, once told of a man who stood before a mirror in his room, his face lathered and an open razor in his hand. His wife came in. She looked at him and said, "Are you shaving?" The man, a foe to surplusage, replied fiercely, "No; I am blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at a four-o'clock tea?"

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club today," said Mrs. Garrulous to her husband the other evening. With a look of astonishment he replied:

"I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?"

Bill looked so happy that Jack asked him what had happened.

"O," said Bill, "my wife's gone to the West Indies." "Jamaica?"

"No, my boy, that's the best of it—it was quite her own idea."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

WIFE—"John, I gave you this letter to mail a month ago and I just found it in your plaid coat pocket!"

HUSBAND—"I remember! I took off the coat at the time to have you sew a button on, and it isn't sewed on yet."

Inheritance

A lawyer made his way to the edge of the excavation where a gang was working, and called the name of Timothy O'Toole.

"Who's wantin' me?" inquired a heavy voice.

"Mr. O'Toole," the lawyer asked, "did you come from Castlebar, County Mayo?"

"I did that."

"And your mother was named Bridget and your father Michael?"

"They was."

"It is my duty, then," said the lawyer, "to inform you, Mr. O'Toole, that your Aunt Mary has died in Iowa, leaving you an estate of sixty thousand dollars."

There was a short silence below, and then a lively commotion.

"Are you coming, Mr. O'Toole?" the lawyer called down.

"In wan minute," was bellowed in answer. "I've just stopped to lick the foreman."

It required just six months of extremely riotous living for O'Toole to expend all of the sixty thousand dollars. His chief endeavor was to satisfy a huge inherited thirst.

Then he went back to his job. And there, presently, the lawyer sought him out again.

"It's your Uncle Patrick, this time, Mr. O'Toole," the lawyer explained. "He has died in Texas, and left you forty thousand dollars."

O'Toole leaned heavily on his pick, and shook his head in great weariness.

"I don't think I can take it," he declared. "I'm not as strong as I wance was, and I misdoubt me that I could go through all that money and live."



Irishman

Two gentlemen traveling in Ireland determined to see if the Irish are as bright as their reputation would indicate.

"Say, Pat, what are those you are selling?"

"Them's pansies, sorr."

"How much are you getting for them?"

"Thr'pence a bunch."

"Threepence? Why, man, you're losing money. They're selling them in London for a shilling."

"London, humph! That's London and this is Kilarney." (Points to a lake near by.) "D'ye see that laek over there? Well if I had that laek in hell I'd get \$3 a quart fer it."



W. J. ("Fingy") Conners, the New York politician, who is not precisely a Chesterfield, secured his first great freight-handling contract when he was a roustabout on the Buffalo docks. When the job was about to begin he called a thousand burly "dock-wallopers" to order, as narrated by one of his business friends:

"Now," roared Conners, "yez are to worruk for me, and I want ivery man here to understand what's what. I kin lick anny man in the gang."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine swallowed the insult, but one huge, double-fisted warrior moved uneasily and stepping from the line he said "You can't lick me, Jim Conners."

"I can't, can't I?" bellowed "Fingy."

"No, you can't," was the determined response.

"Oh, well, thin, go to the office and git your money," said "Fingy." "I'll have no man in me gang that I can't lick."



One day, as Pat halted at the top of the river-bank, a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked: "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin years, sor."

"Ah, how many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sor."

"Ah, yes! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied:

"All the water yez don't see there now, sor."



Said Pat, "I wish I was half Jew and half Irish, instead of being all Irish."

"Why is that?" asked a bystander.

"Because," explained Pat. "An Irishman is always wantin' half a dollar an' a Jew always has one!"



Pat, answering questions in applying for a job as keeper of the pound, came to the query, "What are rabies and what would you do for them?"

He replied, "Rabies is Jew priests and I wouldn't do a damn thing for them."

PAT—"Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars."

MR. GOODMAN—"What! you broke the Sabbath?"

PAT (apologetically)—"Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us had t' be broke."



Jew

Isaac and Moses dined in a restaurant that was new to them, and were pained seriously by the amount of the check. Moses began to expostulate in a loud voice, but Isaac hushed him with a whisper:

"'Sh! I haf the spoons in my pocket."



A friend dropped into a Baxter Street clothier's and seeing some round bottles on a shelf back of the counter he asked:

"What have you got in dem boddles, Ikey?"

"Dem ain't boddles," said the storekeeper, "dem's fire extinguishers."

"G'long!" said his friend incredulously, "you ain't afraid of a bit of a fire,—come now!"

"No, but I get ten per cent. off the insurance for having dem about."

"What's in 'em?"

"I don't know vat vas in 'em, but dere's kerosene in 'em now."



A new clerk in our office was asked over the telephone what was his Christian name and replied rather indignantly, "I have no Christian name. My name is Israel Silverman."



What is the difference between a banana and a Jew? You can skin the banana.



COHEN (entering delicatessen store)—"Gif me some of that salmon."

PROPRIETOR—"That's not salmon, that's ham."

COHEN—"Vell. Who asked you what it vas?"

He was quite evidently from the country and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little oily Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman," handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Dot's why it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.



The mother of the girl baby, herself named Rachel, frankly told her husband that she was tired of the good old names borne by most of the eminent members of the family, and she would like to give the little girl a name entirely different. Then she wrote on a slip of paper "Eugénie," and asked her husband if he didn't think that was a pretty name.

The father studied the name for a moment and then said:

"Vell, call her Youshennie, but I don't see vat you gain by it."



"Ikey, I hear you had a fire last Thursday."

"Sh! Next Thursday."



"Cohn, I've lost my pocketbook."

"Have you looked by your pockets?"

"Sure, all but der left-hand hip pocket."

"Vell, vy don't you look in dot?"

"Because if it ain't dere I'll drop dead!"

Sol Lowenstein, a wealthy clothing merchant, was advised by his family physician to go to the sea shore and take saltwater baths. Arriving at the fashionable summer resort he found the bathing privilege to be fifty cents to which he objected. The bath house keeper, by way of a joke, proposed that for a nickel he would sell Sol a pailful of salt water which he might take to his room. Sol accepted and was apparently well pleased with his bargain. Returning after several hours for another supply, Sol found that the tide had gone out and the water was several hundred feet away. "Mine gracious," said Sol, "You vas doing a lot of pusiness, vasn't you?"



ISAACS—"You should pull the curtains down ven you kiss your wife. I saw you last night."

ABIE—"The choke's on you, I wasn't home last night."



The men were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass. Another contended for Edison. Still another for the Wrights.

Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent:

"Who do you think?"

"Vell," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the man who invented interest was no slouch."



Job Lot

TEACHER—"What is an alibi?"

BRIGHT BOY—"Being somewhere where you ain't."



Care may kill people, but don't care kills more.



Contentment is merely the knack of not wanting the things we know we can't have.

TRAMP—"Lady, I'm dying from exposure."

WOMAN—"Are you a tramp, politician or financier?"



There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

—*Shakespeare.*



When one reaches the end of his rope, he should tie
a knot in it and hang on.



MR. LONGSUFFER—"Say, janitor, it's down to zero in
my flat."

JANITOR—"Down to zero, is it? That's nothing."



WILLIS—"He calls himself a dynamo."

GILLIS—"No wonder; everything he has on is
charged."



"What's the matter with Briggs?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a
mouse ran across the floor."

—*Life.*



It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

—*Disraeli.*



A Nebraska man was carried forty miles by a Cyclone
and dropped in a widow's front yard. He married the
widow and returned home worth about \$30,000 more
than when he started.



I'd rather be a Could Be

If I could not be an Are;

For a Could Be is a May Be,

With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been

Than a Might Have Been, by far;

For a Might Have Been has never been,

But a Has was once an Are.

A Newport man who was invited to a house party at Bar Harbor, telegraphed to the hostess: "Regret I can't come. Lie follows by post."



Take care of the pennies and the dollars will be blown in by your heirs.



"Is he respectable?"

"Eminently so. He's never been indicted for anything less than stealing a railroad." —*Wasp*.



A funny old bird is the pelican,
His bill can hold more than his belican;
He can tote in his beak
Enough food for a week,
But we don't understand how the helican.



Mary has a little skirt,
It is too scant by half,—
Who cares for Mary's little lamb
Now they can see her calf?



Two maids by the river were kneeling,
To disrobe for the swim they were stealing.
Said the owl in the tree,
"How'd you like to me
When the belles of the village are peeling?"



"Father," said the small boy, "what is psychology?"

"Psychology, my son, is a word of four syllables that you ring in to distract attention when the explaining gets difficult."



Jokes

"Have you heard my last joke?" asked the Pest, as he stopped the Grouch on the street.

"I hope so," replied the Grouch, as he kept on traveling.

Here's 'to the joke, the good old joke,
The joke that our fathers told;
It is ready tonight and is jolly and bright
As it was in the days of old.

When Adam was young it was on his tongue,
And Noah got in the swim
By telling the jest as the brightest and best
That ever happened to him.

So here's to the joke, the good old joke—
We'll hear it again tonight.
It's health we will quaff; that will help us to
laugh,
And to treat it in manner polite.
—*Lew Dockstader.*



Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."



An old lady laughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chicago.

The story-teller looked at her inquiringly.

"Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it I laughed so hard I almost kicked the footboard off my crib."



MRS. LESSNER—"Do you think it's true that poor Lydia hasn't smiled since her marriage?"

MRS. SHORTWELL—"I think it's very likely. You know her husband is a professional humorist."

Joy of Life

"Do you think I shall live until I'm ninety, doctor?"

"How old are you now?"

"Forty."

"Do you drink, gamble, smoke, or have you any vices of any kind?"

"No. I don't drink, I never gamble, I loathe smoking; in fact, I haven't any vices."

"Well, good heavens, what do you want to live another fifty years for?"



"Why is it, Bob," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always good natured?"

"We have to be," answered Bob. "You see, we can't either fight or run."



"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is!"

"Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."



I often think that anyone can face

A crisis or a crushing tragedy

With calm, exalted courage, but the place

That needs the greatest strength and energy

Is daily grind; to manage just to laugh

At all the petty hazards of each day—

To smile, whilst sifting life's wheat from its chaff

And strive to see just good along the way.

—*Helba Baker.*



Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day, begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

—*Emerson.*

"Allow me to congratulate you."

"What for?"

"Oh, for just anything—the sunshine, the blue skies, the fact that you are up and about. Isn't that something?"

"No!"

"Then congratulate me for not having a disposition like yours."



When days go wrong, remember they aren't self-starters.



Fun is like life insurance, th' older you git th' more it costs.

—Abe Martin.



Half the joy of life is in "letting go" every once in a while, and, if you let go twice every once in awhile, it seems that you have just that much more fun.



There isn't much to life but this:
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a fire, a friend,
And just a little cash to lend.

—The Grotto.

You say that's all there is to life—
The things you mention and a wife?
Well, you ungrateful little runt,
What the hell more do you want?

—The Kablegram.



Judges

The late Chief Justice Waite, a man of extreme dignity, started for Baltimore one afternoon many years ago from the old Baltimore & Ohio station. He discovered, to his horror, that he had only a few pennies in his pockets. His train was due to depart in a few minutes, and his engagement was an important one. He looked round for a friend, but found none. So he filed boldly up in line to the ticket office. When he

reached the window, he smiled pleasantly at the agent and asked him if he recognized him.

"Naw, I don't!" snarled that amiable official. "What do you want?"

"I want a ticket to Baltimore and return," replied the Justice. "I am Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I have no money with me. I must have forgotten my purse. I can give you my personal check—"

"Oh, you can, can you?" interrupted the agent wrathfully. "You mean—you can't! That game don't go with me. I just had two members of the Cabinet try to work me for tickets, and the Supreme Court gag don't go half as good! Brush by! There's others behind you with the price!"

Justice Waite was dumbfounded. He couldn't fine the young man for contempt of court; so he just glared at him and blushed and perspired.

He dashed out of the station in hope of meeting some one who could identify him. He had only a minute or two left. At the entrance of a saloon across the street he accosted the proprietor, a short haired, freckled faced, long and lank Irishman, with the frantic inquiry:

"Do you know me?"

"Sure I do, yer Honor," said the man behind the bar. "Ye are wan of the bosses of the Supreme Coort. I see ye ivery day goin' by here on the cars."

"Will you cash a check for me? Quick! I have no time to explain!" And the excited Justice grabbed a pen from the desk near by and began to write like mad.

"Sure I will," agreed the Irishman promptly. "I have seen ould b'ys off on a tear before git out of money. Trust me, Sor, I'll say nothin'. Is it a twinty ye want? Here ye are. Will ye have a drink before ye go?"

But the Chief Justice was on his way across the street, and he just managed to catch his train.

Since then, the Supreme Court has put the saloons out of business, which is not the moral of the story.



Police Judge Cohen, quizzing John World, accused of assault and battery, asked, "Why did you hit this man?"

"Wha', judge," the negro began, "wha' would you all do if some one called ya' a 'kinky headed loafer'?"

"But I haven't got kinky hair," said the judge.

"Well," drawled World, "what would you all done if he called ya da kind of headed loafer dat you is?"



Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver was lunching one day—it was a very hot day—when a politician paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. In this weather you want to drink iced drinks, Judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the Judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have."



K. K. K.

A New York traveling salesman arrived late at night in a small Southern town where a group of silent men were waiting the arrival of a secret agent of the Ku Klux Klan. When the drummer stepped from the train a man detached himself from the group, went up to the drummer and said: "Ku Klux?" "No," was the reply. "Klux and suits."



A colored gentleman, sauntering down a Georgia road, came upon an acquaintance seated upon a tree trunk and puffing audibly.

"Rastus," he inquired, as a means toward starting a conversation, "has yo' jined dis here Klu Klux yet?"

"Nope," answered Rastus between his pantings, "but dis Klu Klux has been trying to jine me fo' de las' fo' miles and a half."

CRAWFORD—"I see that the Ku Klux are going to admit women members."

CRABSHAW—"Why, I thought it was a secret society."



The victim of the Ku Klux Klan plucked some feathers from his neck with one hand, while he picked gingerly at the tar on his legs with the other.

"The excitement," he murmured, "rose to a terrible pitch, but it soon came down."



Kissing

DORIS—"I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now."

JACK—"No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth."

DORIS—"Then, for goodness sake, swallow it—you need some!"



John, a rather backward rustic, sat at one end of the sofa and his sweetheart at the other. Both minds were too full to carry on conversation, but at last the lady spoke:

"John, what are you thinking about?"

John, awakened from his dream, answered with a drawl, "Oh, jest the same as you are," and was surprised to get the retort:

"If you do I'll slap you."



A girl was walking along a road, and a young man along another. The roads finally united. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back. In one hand he held, by the legs, a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep ravine the girl said to the young man:

"I'm afraid to go through that ravine with you, it is a lonely place and you might overpower me and kiss me by force—!"

"How can I possibly kiss you by force," he asked, "when I have this iron kettle on my back and a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot!"

"True," replied the girl, "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle upside down and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance!"

"I should never have thought of that," he said.

And when he came to the ravine, he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it and, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned the fowl under it, and kissed the girl!



"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" asked her mother. "Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lady.

The mother look dubiously at her daughter, whereupon her little brother, wishing to help his sister, said:

"Yeth they wath, Mother. I heard 'em. Mr. Thmith asked her for a kith and she thaid, 'You kin.'"



"Darling," he asked, as he drew his fiancée closer to him, "am I the first man you have ever kissed?"

"William," replied the American girl, somewhat testily, "before we go any further I would like to ask you a few questions. You are, no doubt, fully aware that my father is a millionaire something like ten times over, aren't you?"

"Y-yes."

"You understand, no doubt, that when he dies all of his vast fortune will be left to me?"

"Y-yes."

"You know that I have a quarter of a million dollars in cash in my name at the bank?"

"Y-yes."

"And own two and a half million dollars' worth of property?"

"Y-yes."

"That my diamonds are insured to the value of a quarter of a million dollars?"

"Y-yes."

"My horses and motor-cars are worth seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"Y-yes."

"Then, for goodness' sake, talk sense! What difference would it make to you if I had been kissed by a thousand men before I met you?"



The Scotch minister rose and cleared his throat, but remained silent, while the congregation awaited the sermon in puzzled expectancy. At last he spoke:

"There's a laddie awa' there in the gallery a-kissin' a lassie," he said. "When he's done ah'll begin."



Mr. X was a prominent member of the B. P. O. E. At the breakfast table the other morning he was relating to his wife an incident that occurred at the lodge the previous night. The president of the order offered a silk hat to the brother who could stand up and truthfully say that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife. "And, would you believe it, Mary?—not a one stood up." "George," his wife said, "why didn't you stand up?" "Well," he replied, "I was going to, but I know I look like hell in a silk hat."



Romance has many voices. It can be neither conjugated nor parsed.

The young man, who threw a duck fit every time he gazed upon the full and floating moon, was deeply attached to the girl who had a sense of humor.

"Ah!" sighed the youth, palpitating with those pulsations which indicate ardor. "I wish somebody would turn off the lights."

"Why?" inquired the girl, her face having a distinctly far-away look.

"Because, if they did," he sighed again, "I'd kiss you."

"Are you afraid," she asked, "to kiss me when they're turned on?"



"I am sending you a thousand kisses," he wrote to his fair young wife who was spending her first month away from him. Two days later he received the following telegram: "Kisses received. Landlord refuses to accept any of them on account." Then he woke up and forwarded a check.



"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well, I know them as flirts more than I do, and with less hexcuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress and added: "I'm better looking than you. More 'andsome. 'Ow do I know? Your husband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress, frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet!" retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know 'oo told me that, mum?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband——"

"No, it wasn't your 'usband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."



Labor and Capital

"What's the difference between capital and labor?"

"If I had to work and turn three-fourths of my wages over to you, that would be labor."

"Yes?"

"On the other hand, if you had to work and turn three-fourths of your wages over to me, that would be capital."



Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains? The canny Scot replied with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

WILLIE—"Paw, what is the difference between capital and labor?"

PAW—"Well, the money you lend represents capital, and getting it back represents labor, my son."



If you divorce capital from labor, capital is hoarded, and labor starves.

—*Daniel Webster.*



A farmer in great need of extra hands at haying time finally asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out.

"What'll ye pay?" asked Si.

"I'll pay you what you're worth," answered the farmer.

Si scratched his head a minute, then answered decisively:

"I'll be *durned* if I'll work for that!"



Late Hours

WIFEY—"I heard a noise when you came in last night."

HUBBY—"Perhaps it was the night falling."

WIFEY—"No, it wasn't, it was the day breaking."



"Why the black eyes, old man?" a notoriously much-married man was asked by a friend.

"Well, you see," said the black-eyed one, "I came home rather unsteady the other night and thought I'd read a little before going to bed. My wife came down and caught me and there was some very pronounced trouble."

"What were you reading?"

"By ill luck, I'd chosen the chessboard."



"We had a fine sunrise this morning," said one New Yorker to another. "Did you see it?"

"Sunrise?" said the second man. "Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise."

Charles Frohman was talking to a Philadelphia reporter about the importance of detail.

"Those who work for me," he said, "follow my directions down to the very smallest item. To go wrong in detail, you know, is often to go altogether wrong—like the dissipated husband.

"A dissipated husband as he stood before his house in the small hours searching for his latchkey, muttered to himself:

"'Now which did my wife say—hic—have two whishkies an' get home by 12, or—hic—have twelve whishkies an' get home by 2?'"



Afraid to breathe, almost, the returned reveller crept quietly into his bedchamber as the gray dawn was breaking. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he cautiously undid his boots. But, with all his care, his wife stirred in bed, and he presently was all too well aware of a pair of sleepy eyes regarding him over the edge of the sheet.

"Why, Tom," yawned the little woman, "how early you are this morning!"

"Yes, my dear," replied Tom, stifling a groan, "I've got to go to Montreal for the firm today."

And replacing his footgear the wretched man dragged his aching limbs out again into the cold and heartless streets.



"Shall I leave the hall light burning, ma'am?" the servant asked.

"No," her mistress replied. "I think my husband won't get home until daylight. He kissed me goodbye before he went, and gave me twenty dollars for a new hat."



Lawyers

Ignorance of the law does not prevent the losing lawyer from collecting his bill.

The young lawyer didn't like the minister, and so he thought to corner him. "Now, Doctor," he asked, "suppose the parsons and the devil should have a lawsuit, which party do you think would win?"

"The devil unquestionably," replied the minister.

"Ah?" chuckled the young lawyer. "And will you tell us why?"

"Because he would have all the lawyers on his side."



A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash, an' de rest in legal advice."



Smith is a young New York lawyer, clever in many ways, but very forgetful. He was recently sent to St. Louis to interview an important client in regard to a case then pending in the Missouri courts. Later the head of his firm received this telegram from St. Louis:

"Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

This was the reply sent from New York:

"Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."



A lawyer thus illustrates the language of his craft: "If a man were to give another an orange, he would simply say: 'Have an orange.' But when the transaction is intrusted to a lawyer to be put in writing he adopts this form: 'I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantages of and in said orange, together with all

its rind, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise to eat the same or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other means of whatever nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.'

"And then another lawyer comes along and takes it away from you."



The dean of the Law Department was very busy and rather cross. The telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

"Is that the city gas-works?" said a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the dean; "this is the University Law Department."

"Ah," she answered in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it very far, after all, did I?"



George Ade had finished his speech at a recent dinner-party, and on seating himself a well-known lawyer rose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laugh had subsided, Ade drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"



There was a little lawyer man
Who gently smiled as he began
Her dear husband's will to scan,
And, thinking of his coming fee,
He said to her quite tenderly,
"You have a nice fat legacy."
Next morning as he lay in bed,
With plasters on his broken head,
He wondered what on earth he'd said.

A Pittsburgh lawyer was conducting a case in court not long ago and one of the witnesses, a burly negro, confessed that at the time of his arrest he was engaged in a crap game. Immediately the lawyer said, "Now, sir, I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"Wass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury sir," thundered the lawyer, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah!" cried the witness uneasily. "Fust thing I know this gem-man gwine to ask me how to drink a sandwich."



The following is told of a late railway magnate and a prominent Philadelphia lawyer.

Said the magnate to the lawyer—"I want you to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think that you can manage it?"

"Easily," answered the lawyer.

"Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case."

"I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."



"Pa, what is a retainer?"

"What you pay a lawyer before he does any work for you, my son."

"Oh, I see. It's like the quarter you put in the gas-meter before you get any gas."



Laziness

While the train was waiting on a side track down in Georgia, one of the passengers walked over to a cabin near the track, in front of which sat a cracker dog, howling. The passenger asked a native why the dog was howling.

"Hookworm," said the native. "He's lazy."

"But," said the stranger, "I was not aware that the hookworm is painful."

"'Tain't," responded the garrulous native.

"Why, then," the stranger queried, "should the dog howl?"

"Lazy."

"But why does laziness make him howl?"

"Wal," said the Georgian, "that blame fool dog is sittin' on a sand-bur, an' he's too tarnation lazy to get off, so he jes' sets thar an' howls 'cause it hurts."



A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee once had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yarned about hard times for fifteen minutes at a stretch.

"Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping green corn to the northern market."

"Yes, I orter," was the sullen reply.

"You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Then why don't you go into the speculation?"

"No use, stranger," sadly replied the cracker, "the old woman is too lazy to do the plowin' and plantin'."



"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "goes fishin' not so much foh de sake of de fish as foh de chance to loaf without bein' noticed."



The Southern lady saw old 'Rastus setting out with his fishing tackle for a day on the river, and she deemed it a fitting time to rebuke him for his notorious idleness, since she and everybody else knew that the entire family was supported by the industry of 'Rastus' old wife as a washerwoman.

"'Rastus," she said severely, "do you think it's right to leave your wife hard at work over the washtub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassum, ma'am," replied the old darky earnestly. "It's all right. Mah wife don' need any watchin'. She'll wuk jes' as hard as if I was dah."

"All sorts and conditions of men have excellent explanations for their position in life," said the Senator. "A tramp, however, came under my observation who had no illusions about the cause of his condition.

"A fine looking and fashionably dressed woman had just alighted from her limousine at the hotel entrance, and was suddenly approached by this shabbily dressed man who requested a dime.

"'No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging'."

"'I s'pose, ma'am,' replied the lazy tramp, 'it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house.'"



Liars

"The trouble is," said Wilkins as he talked the matter over with his counsel, "that in the excitement of the moment I admitted that I had been going too fast, and wasn't paying any attention to the road just before the collision. I'm afraid that admission is going to prove costly."

"Don't worry about that," said his lawyer. "I'll bring seven witnesses to testify that they wouldn't believe you under oath."



"Have you ever heard anything about a machine for telling when a man is lying?"

"Sure," said the man.

"Have you ever seen one?" asked the chap.

"Seen one?" said the man. "By gosh, I married one!"



The game warden of Colorado was walking out in the mountains one day when he met a hunter with his gun. The officer suggested that that ought to be a good country for hunting.

"It certainly is," said the hunter proudly. "I killed one of the finest bucks yesterday I ever saw, and he

weighed over 200." It was the season when deer may not be shot without subjecting the hunter to a heavy fine.

"Well, that is a fine one," said the warden, "and do you know who you are talking to?"

Being assured that he did not the officer said:

"Why, I am the chief game warden of Colorado."

The hunter was only taken back a moment, when he said:

"And do you know who you are talking to?" The warden did not know.

"Well, sir," said the hunter, apparently much relieved, "you are talking to the biggest liar in the whole state of Colorado."



"Better pull down the shades before you kiss your stenographer. My office is right across the light well from yours, and I witnessed the whole performance yesterday afternoon."

"Stenographer nothing; that was my wife."

"Careful now; your wife was in my office at the time."



Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

ANITA—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

NELLY—"No, it is not."

ANITA—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

NELLY—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father does."



"Now, Willy," said the mother, "you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods?"

"No, ma'am," replied Willy sheepishly.

"Well," continued the mother, "a big, black man with only one eye in the center of his forehead comes along and flies with him up to the moon, and makes him pick sticks for the rest of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awfully wicked."



Marriage

SHE—"Just think of it! A few words mumbled by the minister and people are married."

HE—"Yes, and, by George, a few words mumbled by a sleeping husband and people are divorced."



"Stop, look, listen!"

The reflective man stopped to read the railroad warning.

"Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life," said he.

"How?"

"You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her, and for the rest of your life, you listen."



JUDGE—"Have you good grounds against this man for your breach of promise suit?"

LIZA—"Deed Ah has! Ah promised mahself to marry dat man, an' he ain't nevah asked me to."



A lady received a visit from a former maid three months after the girl had left to be married.

"And how do you like being married?" the lady inquired.

The bride replied with happy enthusiasm:

"Oh, it's fine, ma'am—getting married is! Yes'm it's fine! but land's sake, ma'am," she added suddenly, "ain't it tedious!"



Man puts up with marriage in order to get a certain girl—a girl puts up with a certain man in order to get married.

Men

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two—
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

BORLEIGH—"Some men, you know, are born great, some achieve greatness—"

MISS KEEN—"Exactly! And some just grate upon you."

"What is your ideal man?"

"One who is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it!"

"Where," asked the female-suffrage orator, "would man be today were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked round the hall.

"I repeat," she said, "where would man be today if it were not for woman?"

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

"Of course," said a suffragette lecturer, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up to the back of his collar." There were six men present and each of them put his hand gently behind his neck.

Money

"If a man had put a hundred dollars in a savings bank twenty years ago," said the statistician after dinner, "it would amount to over two hundred now, and he could buy almost as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save."

If you save all you earn, you're a miser.
If you spend all you earn, you're a fool.
If you lose it, you're out.
If you find it, you're in.
If you owe it, they're always after you.
If you lend it, you're always after them.
It's the cause of evil.
It's the cause of good.
It's the cause of happiness.
It's the cause of sorrow.
If the government makes it, it's all right.
If you make it, it's all wrong.
As a rule it's hard to get.
But it's pretty soft when you get it.
It talks!
To some it says, "I've come to stay."
To others it whispers, "Good-bye."
Some people get it at a bank.
Others go to jail for it.
The Mint makes it first.
It's up to you to make it last.

—Ben S. Kearns.

✽
"Willie," asked a New York teacher of one of her pupils, "how many make a million?"

"Not many," said Willie with a grin.

✽
The disreputable-looking panhandler picked out an elderly gentleman of most benevolent aspect and made a plea for a small financial contribution. When he had finished his narrative of misery and woe the elderly gentleman replied benignantly:

"My good friend, I have no money, but I can give you some good advice."

The tramp spat contemptuously, and uttered an oath of disgust.

"If you hain't got no money," he jeered, "I reckon your advice ain't worth hearin'."

Three boys were boasting about the earning capacity of their fathers.

The first said, "My father can write a few lines and call it poetry and sell it for \$10."

The second said, "My father can draw a few lines and put a few dots on them and call it music and sell it for \$25.

The third said, "That's nothing. My father is a preacher, and he can write a few lines and get up in church and say them and it takes six men to carry the money down the aisle."



Movies

MRS. BROWN—"Yer ain't lookin' too happy today, Mrs. Jones. What's up?"

MRS. JONES—"What's up? Jones has been promising all the week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!"



"This is certainly a modern cook-book in every way."

"How so?"

"It says: 'After mixing your bread, you can watch two reels at the movies before putting it in the oven.'"



A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall. I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

"I suppose you are mama's darling?"

"No, ma'am, I am my mama's moving picture."

"Your mama's moving picture?"

"Yessum, she is always telling me that I should be seen and not heard."



"How do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"

"It's due to my method of approach," said the smart salesman. "I begin my little talk by saying, 'Madam, I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies.'"



At a picture show the master of the house was kissing the maid, and his son entered suddenly. Father gave him a dollar and asked him not to tell mother.

The small son of a sedate family party of father, mother, and son, who had not once taken his eyes from the picture, looked up at his parent and said earnestly:

"Pa, you got to give *me* a dollar after this."



A recent movie comedy showed on the screen a bevy of shapely girls disrobing for a plunge in the "old swimming-pool." They had just taken off shoes, hats, coats and were beginning on—a passing freight-train dashed across the screen and obscured the view. When it had passed, the girls were frolicking in the water.

An old railroader sat through the show again and again. At length an usher tapped him on the shoulder.

"Aren't you ever going home?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll wait a while," was the answer. "One of these times that train's going to be late."



The most consoling thing about going to the movies is seeing so many women in the pictures opening their mouths and not saying a word you can hear.

Names

William Williams hated nicknames. He used to say that most fine given names were ruined by abbreviations, which was a sin and a shame. "I myself," he said, "am one of six brothers. We were all given good, old-fashioned Christian names, but all those names were shortened into meaningless or feeble monosyllables by our friends. I shall name my children so that it will be impracticable to curtail their names."

The Williams family, in the course of time, was blessed with five children, all boys. The eldest was named after the father—William. Of course, that would be shortened to "Will" or enfeebled to "Willie"—but wait! A second son came and was christened Willard. "Aha!" chuckled Mr. Williams. "Now everybody will have to speak the full names of each of these boys in order to distinguish them."

In pursuance of this scheme the next three sons were named Wilbert, Wilfred, and Wilmont.

They are all big boys now. And they are respectively known to their intimates as Bill, Skinny, Butch, Chuck, and Kid.



Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gettin' him filled."



Narrow Escapes

It happened the other evening, and now a certain clubman is trying to figure out how he will square things with his wife the next time he is "detained" down town. He was not going home for dinner, and when his wife

answered the telephone he said: "Don't wait for me at dinner this evening, dear. I shall be detained on business."

"Very well," she replied. "I'm sorry you can't come home; but business is business, I suppose. Where are you now?"

"Where am I? In my office of course. I have had a very busy day."

"It's too bad you have to work so hard, George. But tell me something."

"Yes, dear. What is it?"

"How can you keep your mind on business with the orchestra playing 'Red-Hot Mama'?"



In a crowded omnibus a stout lady vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned as a protection to pickpockets. After she had been trying without effect for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right said:

"Please allow me to pay your fare."

The lady declined with some anger, and renewed her attacks on the pocket. After some little time the gentleman again said:

"You really must let me pay your fare. You have already unbuttoned my suspenders three times and I can't stand it any longer."



Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The Rev. George C. Abbitt took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?" a woman asked.

Mr. Abbitt recognized the voice as that of one of his parishioners.

"No," he replied in stern reproof; "it is your rector."

Was there a dull thud?

No.

"Indeed," said the lady, quick as a flash, "and pray what are you doing there?"

"Henry," said his father-in-law, as he called his daughter's spouse into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for over two years."

"Yes, father."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir." (Wonderingly.)

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part."

"Always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"A good many, father."

"Then the small favor I am about to ask you will no doubt be granted?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thanks. Then I want you to tell your mother-in-law that those tickets for the supper-club dance which she picked up in my room this morning must have accidentally fallen out of your pocket, and we'll call it square!"



Mr. Tarzon Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death.

He rang up his friend Howard Smith at once. "Halloa, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"



"You will forgive me if I—er—ask you something—something—"

"Sure I will! I knew you would be asking it soon."

"Ah, you know what I am about to ask you? Your heart has told you what—"

"Sure! You're going to ask me what time the last car goes by."

When Mr. Daniels went down to the club he left Mrs. Daniels with a lady friend whose abilities as a scandal-monger and mischief-maker are pre-eminent. When he returned he just poked his head into the drawing-room and said, with a sigh of relief:

"That old cat gone, I suppose?"

For just an instant there was a dreadful silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony glare of the lady who had been in his mind. Then Mrs. Daniels spoke quite calmly:

"The old cat?" she said. "Oh, yes, dear; I sent it to the Cats' Home in a basket first thing this morning!"



Nationality

"But are you an American citizen?" angrily demanded the official at the passport office.

"My mother was American"—began the applicant.

"Yes, yes"—

"But she married a Frenchman"—

"Yes."

"In Italy."

"Yes; but where were you born?"

"I was born on a ship flying Spanish colors while she was lying at anchor in Honolulu Harbor, but my parents died in Brazil when I was only four years old and I was adopted by a Chinaman, who brought me up in Russia"—

"Well, he's"—began an official.

"He's a bloomin' League of Nations!" exploded the official who had first spoken.



Negro Stuff

"Recently," says a Richmond man, "I received an invitation to the marriage of a young colored couple formerly in my employ. I am quite sure that all persons similarly favored were left in little doubt as to the attitude of the couple. The invitation ran as follows:

"You are invited to the marriage of Mr. Henry Clay Barker and Miss Josephine Mortimer Dixon at the house of the bride's mother. All who cannot come may send."



According to the following story, economy has its pains as well as its pleasures, even after the saving is done.

One spring, for some reason, old Eli was going round town with the face of dissatisfaction, and, when questioned, poured forth his voluble tale of woe thus:

"Marse Geo'ge, he come to me last fall an' he say, 'Eli, dis gwine ter be a hard winter, so yo' be keerful, an' save yo' wages fas' an' tight.'

"An' I b'lieve Marse Geo'ge, yas, sah, I b'lieve him, an' I save an' I save, an' when de winter come it ain't got no hardship, an' dere was I wid all dat money jes' frown on mah hands!"



Dinah, crying bitterly, was coming down the street with her feet bandaged.

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" she was asked. "How did you hurt your feet, Dinah?"

"Dat good fo' nothin' nigger (sniffle) done hit me on de haid wif a club while I was standin' on de hard stone pavement."



"'Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat udder box of shoe-blacknin'?"

"Go on, Nigga', dat ain't shoe-blacknin', dat's ma massage cream!"



Jim's boss sent him up on the roof to paint it. That was early in the morning. Toward nightfall the boss clambered up the ladder to see whether his workman had flown away or been eaten by the birds. There was Jim sitting on the edge of the house, singing.

"Jim, you lazy piece, what you been doing?"

"Nuffin'."

"Didn't I send you up here to paint the roof?"

"Yassir."

"Well, did you do it?"

"Yassir."

"What else did you do?"

"I went to sleep."

"Why didn't you come down if you had finished?"

"Deed, boss, you jes' said paint de roof. You neveh said nuffin' 'bout comin' down."



A colored man disposed of the question of the superiority of the sexes in this manner: "Brudders and Sisters, you know the Lord made man first and den he made woman to please man, and she did. Now if he had made woman first and den tried to make man to please woman he would hab been tinkerin' away on Adam yit."



Mandy Spillers, a colored lady, swore out a warrant against Zeb Snow.

"What did this man do?" the justice of the peace asked.

"He 'sulted me, sah; dat's whut he done."

"How—what did he say?"

"Didn't say nuthin'."

"How, then, did he insult you?"

"W'y, sah, he come erlong whar I wuz sweepin' de yard an' grabbed me an' kissed me, he did."

"Did you make an outcry?"

"No, sah."

"Did you try to get away from him?"

"Who, me? Look yere, jedge, do you think good lookin' men is so plenty deze days dat I gwine ter git away from one when he grab me?"

"But if you were so willing, how was it an insult?"

"How wuz it er insult? W'y, sah, he turned me loose an' went 'cross de yard an' kissed er black imp o' er lady dat is old enuff ter be my mammy, sah. Dat's how he 'sulted me."

Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, tells a story of how, when he was "Fiddling Bob," governor of that state, an old negress came to him, and said:

"Massa Gov'na, we's mighty po' this winter, and Ah wish you would pardon mah old man. He is a fiddler same as you is, and he's in the pen'tentry."

"What was he put in for?" asked the governor.

"'Stead of workin' fo' it that good-fo'-nothin' nigger done stole some bacon."

"If he is good for nothing what do you want him back for?"

"Well, yo' see, we's all out of bacon ag'in," said the old negress innocently.



A colored parson, calling upon one of his flock, found the object of his visit out in the back yard working among his hencoops. He noticed with surprise that there were no chickens.

"Why, Brudder Brown," he asked, "whar'r all yo' chickens?"

"Huh," grunted Brother Brown without looking up, "some fool niggah lef' de do' open an' dey all went home."



The collections had fallen off badly in the colored church and the pastor made a short address before the box was passed.

"I don' want any man to gib mo' dan his share, bredern," he said gently, "but we mus' all gib ercordin' to what we rightly hab. I say 'rightly hab,' bredern, because we don't want no tainted money in dis box. 'Squire Jones tol' me dat he done miss some chickens dis week. Now if any of our bredern hab fallen by de wayside in connection wif dose chickens let him stay his hand from de box.

"Now, Deacon Smiff, please pass de box while I watch de signs an' see if dere's any one in dis congregation dat needs me ter wrastle in prayer fer him."

Ida Black had retired from the most select colored circles for a brief space, on account of a slight difficulty connected with a gentleman's poultry-yard. Her mother was being consoled by a white friend.

"Why, Aunt Easter, I was mighty sorry to hear about Ida—"

"Marse John, Ida ain't nuvver tuk dem chickens. Ida wouldn't do sich a thing! Ida wouldn't demeange herse'f to rob nobody's hen-roost—and, any way, dem old chickens warn't nothing 't all but feathers when we picked 'em."



A well-known furniture dealer of a Virginia town wanted to give his faithful negro driver something for Christmas in recognition of his unfailing good humor in toting out stoves, beds, pianos, etc.

"Dobson," he said, "you have helped me through some pretty tight places in the last ten years, and I want to give you something as a Christmas present that will be useful to you and that you will enjoy. Which do you prefer, a ton of coal or a gallon of good whiskey?"

"Boss," Dobson replied, "Ah burns wood."



An old darky got up one night at a revival meeting and said: "Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. Ise robbed hen-roosts and stole hawgs, an' tole lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks wi' mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swor; but I thank the Lord der's one thing I ain't nebber done: I ain't nebber lost mah religion."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*



Newly-Weds

YOUNG HUSBAND: "It seems to me, my dear, that there is something wrong with this cake."

THE BRIDE (*smiling triumphantly*): "That shows what you know about it. The cookery book says it's perfectly delicious."

The young housewife, looking very pretty and workmanlike in a big green overall, was cleaning out the pantry cupboard.

"Dickie," she called to her young husband, who was smoking in the spick-and-span little drawing room. "I want you to bring me a mouse-trap home to-morrow."

"But, angel," cried the young man. "I brought you one home only yesterday."

"I know, pet," called back the young bride, "but that one has a mouse in it."



Mrs. King was not accustomed to marketing, and knew nothing about it. One morning, shortly after the return from the wedding journey, she called at the market.

"You may send a nice piece of roast beef," she said to the butcher.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"And," went on the young woman, with emphasis, "please have it very rare. My husband prefers it that way."



"What kind of coal do you wish, mum?"

"Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?"

"Oh, yes. We have egg coal, chestnut—"

"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."



We question whether the greenest of green young brides could be so absolutely verdant, but here's the story as it comes to us:

"I have some particularly fine asparagus to-day," said the marketman to Mrs. Youngbride, and he displayed a bunch for her admiration. "Picked not three hours ago," he added.

Mrs. Youngbride looked at it with unaffected amazement.

"Does it grow like that?" she asked. "I always supposed the cook braided the ends of it."

It is said that the tragedies of early married life sometimes seem to lessen as they are seen through the perspective of years.

A young wife came to her mother-in-law with a heart-broken expression not long ago, and threw herself on the couch in the abandonment of grief.

"Why, Annette, what is the matter?" anxiously exclaimed the older woman. "Has anything happened to Frank?"

"Oh, mother, how can I tell you? He's taken to staying out nights!" cried the unhappy bride.

"How long has this been going on, dear? It doesn't seem possible. I used to know all about my boy's habits, and certainly that was not among the number. How late does he stay away?"

"Well, you know, he usually leaves the office at five-thirty, mother. Night before last he never got home until twenty minutes after six, and last night he never set foot in the house until half-past six. Oh, what shall I do!"



She had not been married long. She made a pie for dinner. During the meal she hesitatingly remarked to her husband:

"I think I left out something and the pie isn't very good."

After taking a bite he sadly replied:

"You are wrong, my dear! Nothing you left out could make a pie taste like this. It's something you put in."



MR. NEWLYWED—"Did you sew the button on my coat, darling?"

MRS. NEWLYWED—"No, love; I couldn't find the button, and so I just sewed up the buttonhole."—*Judge.*



POETIC BRIDEGROOM: "I could sit here forever, gazing into your eyes, and listening to the wash of the ocean."

PRACTICAL BRIDE: "Oh! That reminds me, darling, we have not paid our laundry bill yet."

The bridegroom, who was in a horribly nervous condition, appealed to the clergyman in a loud whisper, at the close of the ceremony:

"Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?"

The clergyman might have replied:

"Not yet, but soon."



Mrs. NEWLYWED: "Oh, Jack, you left the kitchen door open and the draught has shut my cookery book, so that now I haven't the faintest idea what it is I'm cooking."



The father of a Denver bride presented his son-in-law with eighty thousand head of cattle.

"Papa, dear," exclaimed his daughter, fresh from an Eastern college, when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you. Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."



New York

The surging crowd along Broadway
Was stirred so strangely yesterday.
It stood on tiptoe, eyes aglow,
It stared, and turned to whisper low
Of wonders such as seldom pass
That way. What swayed the living mass?
What marvel from the fabled isles
That drew the eye from Paris styles?
A street car left the track perhaps?
Two bootblacks nabbed for shooting craps?
A fire to call the engines out?
A skidding auto turned about?
A homebrew Bacchus' raisin dance?
At these perhaps the crowd would glance
But never act like this at all.
Amazed, I asked a copper tall
And broad, and heard at last;
A horse and buggy just went past.

—*Roland D. Johnson.*

When Josh returned home from the city he said the most astonishing thing he heard occurred in the great Music Hall. On one side of this building were several hundred old maids who kept singing and shouting at the top of their voices, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a child is born," and on the other side of the building were as many men who called back equally loud, "Wonderful, wonderful."



SILAS (in a whisper)—"Did you git a peep at the underworld at all while you wuz in New York, Ezry?"

EZRA—"Three times! Subway twice an' ratscellar once."



"No"

No is one of the smallest words in the English language, and yet—

It has brought about more heartaches than the war.

It has caused more children to shed tears than all the spankings in the world put together.

It has saved more money for individuals with backbone than a year's output of padlocks.

It has made itself Prohibition's greatest aid.

It has killed genius and thwarted ambition.

It has turned love into hate and success into failure.

It has kept kings off thrones and poets out of Arcadia.

It has caused good men to tremble and scoundrels to rejoice.

Will it ever make a change for the better?

No.



Nothing

Mysterious Nothing! how shall I define

Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?

Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size is thine,

Nor words nor fingers can thy voice express;

But though we cannot thee to aught compare,

A thousand things to thee may likened be,

And though thou art with nobody nowhere,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain;
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue;
What labouring hands thy portion only gain;
What busy bodies thy doings only do!
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.
—*Richard Parson.*

Optimism

“What’s an optimist?”

“An optimist is a person who’ll go into a restaurant without a cent in his pocket and figure on paying for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oyster.”

If your confidence needs buttressing, just stop for a moment and consider that this old world in which we have found such happiness has throughout the past ages been visited by every catastrophe of which the human mind can conceive, and from each of these dark periods it has emerged always and eternally a progressive world.

Finally, I say, cheer up. Let’s look on the bright side rather than the dark side, and above all let us understand that there are no insurmountable obstacles standing in the path of our progress, that we are competent to solve the things that confront us, that they will be solved, and that humankind will be benefited by the virtue of our assuming an optimism in which we are fully justified.

—*Lewis L. Clark.*

A man passing a lot where two colored teams were playing baseball asked the man on first base how the score stood. He replied, “Forty to nuthin’, favor de odder side.”

“Well, they seem to be giving you quite a licking.”

“No, suh, Cap’n,” replied the ducky, “we ain’t been to bat yit.”

Parent and Child

The public-spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her. She stared at him in her near-sighted way.

THE LADY—"Little boy, haven't you any home?"

THE LITTLE BOY—"Oh, yes'm; I've got a home."

THE LADY—"And loving parents?"

THE LITTLE BOY—"Yes'm."

THE LADY—"I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

THE LITTLE BOY—"Yes'm."

THE LADY—"Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

THE LITTLE BOY—"Yes'm."

THE LADY—"Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, at Lyceum Hall?"

THE LITTLE BOY (explosively)—"What's th' matter with you ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!"



Dad was not greatly pleased by the school report brought to him by his hopeful.

"How is it?" he demanded, "that you stand so much lower in your studies for the month of January than for December?"

Samuel was equal to the emergency. "Why, dad," said he, in an injured tone, "don't you know that everything is marked down after the holidays?"



Junior was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and, of course, had to be sent away to wash.

One time his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Junior, meekly, "once you forgot."

The lawyer was sitting at his desk absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So intent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with tears and told plainly that feelings had been hurt.

"Well, my little man, did you want to see me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I want"—and there was a resolute ring in his voice—

"I want a divorce from my papa and mama."

In his daily half hour confidential talk with his boy an ambitious father tried to give some good advice.

"Be observing, my son," said the father on one occasion. "Cultivate the habit of seeing, and you will be a successful man. Study things and remember them. Don't go through the world blindly. Learn to use your eyes. Boys who are observing know a great deal more than those who are not."

Willie listened in silence.

Several days later when the entire family, consisting of his mother, aunt and uncle, were present, his father said:

"Well, Willie, have you kept using your eyes as I advised you to do?"

Willie nodded, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"I've seen a few things right around the house. Uncle Jim's got a bottle of hair dye hid under his trunk, Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, Ma's got some curls in her hat, and Pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips behind the books in the secretary."

"Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket-shop?"

"A bucket-shop, my son," said the father, feelingly, "a bucket-shop is a modern cooperage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

A little saying from a seven-year-old girl.

NEIGHBOR—"How is your mother this morning?"

LITTLE GIRL—"My mother is at the hospital."

NEIGHBOR—"Why! I did not know your mother was ill."

LITTLE GIRL—"No, it is my aunt who is ill."

NEIGHBOR—"What is the matter with your aunt?"

LITTLE GIRL—"She has a bad headache."

NEIGHBOR—"Why! I did not know any one went to the hospital for a bad headache!"

LITTLE GIRL (looking up quickly with a very interested, bright look on her face)—"That is not the real reason, I think; they are spelling things on me."

✽

TOMMY—"What's an echo, pa?"

PA—"An echo, my son, is the only thing that can deprive a woman of the last word."

✽

A clergyman was in the habit of going up to his little girl's bedside each evening and telling her a story before she went to sleep.

One evening, he told her such a thrilling tale that the child, sitting up in bed, looked very straight at her father and asked:

"Daddy, is that a true story, or are you preaching?"

✽

It was the first of April.

"Mama! Mama!" came a piping treble, "come quick; there's a strange man in the dining-room kissing the waitress."

The mother made a hurried start, but was halted by her gay little son, who cried exultingly: "April Fool! It's only Papa!"

✽

"Bobby, do you know you've deliberately broken the eighth commandment by stealing James' candy?"

"Well, I thought I might as well break the eighth commandment and have the candy as to break the tenth and only 'covet' it."

—Life.

BOBBIE—"What is a committee, pa?"

FATHER—"A committee, my son, is something which takes a week to do what one good man can do in an hour."



Peace

"Why were all the nations fighting, papa?"

"To make the world safe for democracy, my son."

"Is the world safe for democracy now, papa?"

"It will be, when we have peace."

"When will we have peace, papa?"

"When the world is safe for democracy."

"Will the nations always fight to have peace, papa?"

"Yes, always, my son."



A certain people were much given to deploring war. War, they kept insisting, was poor business.

Their King heard them, but he didn't take them seriously. The very first chance he got he picked a quarrel with a neighboring Power, and, that done, he lifted up his voice in the old way.

"The fatherland is in danger!" he cried. "The honor of the nation is assailed! My children, be patriots!"

But they couldn't see him. "Not on your life!" they made answer. "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time!"

Whereupon the King made haste to patch up his quarrel and was very careful forever after not to pick another.

This fable teaches that we have still some distance to go before universal peace can be anything but a joke.



Pearly Gates

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE—"Is this the place where you are happy all the time?"

ST. PETER (proudly)—"It is, sir."

"Well, I represent the union, and if we come in we can only agree to be happy eight hours a day."

All stories told relative to incidents that occur at the gate of the celestial city are not veracious, but this one has the semblance of truth.

A broker who had made his mark in Wall Street sought admission at the pearly gates.

"Who are you?" said St. Peter.

"I'm a Wall Street broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?"

"Well, I saw a decrepit woman in Broadway the other day and gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter, it's marked down to his credit."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I crossed the Brooklyn bridge the other night and met a newsboy half frozen to death, and gave him one cent."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I can't recollect anything else just now."

"Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?"

"Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."



PAT—"And, Father, you say that everybody will be at the Judgment Day?"

FATHER DOWNEY—"Yes, Patrick. The whole world will be there."

PAT—"And will the Ku Klux Klan be there?"

FATHER DOWNEY—"They will."

PAT—"And, Father, will the Ancient Order of Hibernians be there?"

FATHER DOWNEY—"They will, Patrick."

PAT—"Then, begobs, I'm thinking they'll be pricious little business done the furrst few hours!"

"I wish, reverend father," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."



Pessimism

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

—Ben King.

"I had a mighty queer surprise this morning," remarked a local stock broker. "I put on my last summer's thin suit on account of this extraordinary hot weather, and in one of the trousers pockets I found a big roll of bills which I had entirely forgotten."

"Were any of them receipted?" asked a pessimist.



There is in Washington an old "grouch" whose son was graduated from Yale. When the young man came home at the end of his first term, he exulted in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class. But the old gentleman was not satisfied.

"*Next* to the head!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean? I'd like to know what you think I'm sending you to college for? *Next* to the head! Why aren't you at the head, where you ought to be?"

At this the son was much crestfallen; but upon his return, he went about his work with such ambition that at the end of the term he found himself in the coveted place. When he went home that year he felt very proud. It would be great news for the old man.

When the announcement was made, the father contemplated his son for a few minutes in silence; then, with a shrug, he remarked:

"At the head of the class, eh? Well, that's a fine commentary on Yale University!"—*Howard Morse*.



O'HOULIHAN—"Pwhut's a pessimist, Mike?"

MULDOON—"He's a feller pwhat burns his bridges behind him an' thin crosses them before he comes to them."



A pessimist is one who, of two evils, chooses them both.



Rube Wilkins says—"You can't get ahead while you're kickin' any more than a mule can."

Politicians

Politicians always belong to the opposite party.

The man who goes into politics as a business has no business to go into politics. —*Life*.

POLITICIAN—"Congratulate me, my dear, I've won the nomination."

HIS WIFE (in surprise)—"Honestly?"

POLITICIAN—"Now what in thunder did you want to bring up that point for?"

Little Millie's father and grandfather were Republicans; and, as election drew near, they spoke of their opponents with increasing warmth, never heeding Millie's attentive ears and wondering eyes.

One night, however, as the little maid was preparing for bed, she whispered in a frightened voice: "Oh, mama, I don't dare to go upstairs. I'm afraid there's a Democrat under the bed."

The little boy interrupted his father's reading of the paper with a petition.

"Please, Daddy, tell me the story about the Forty Thieves."

The father, aroused from his absorption in political news and comment on the campaign, regarded his son thoughtfully for a moment, and then shook his head.

"No," he answered decisively, "you must wait until you're a little older, my son. You're too young to understand politics."

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Father, what is a traitor in politics?"

VETERAN POLITICIAN—"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one."

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?"

VETERAN POLITICIAN—"A convert, my son."

During a recent political campaign two deacons of the same faith religiously, but on opposite sides of the fence politically, attended prayer-meeting services.

"O Lord," intoned the Republican deacon, "I pray thee that the Republicans may hang together—"

"Amen!" ejaculated the Democrat.

"But not, O Lord," continued the Republican, "in the sense that my Democratic brother means, but in the sense of accord and concord."

"Any cord'll do, Lord; any cord'll do!" was the Democrat's closing thrust.



FIRST PASSENGER—"I understand that your city has the rottenest political ring in the country."

SECOND PASSENGER—"That's right. But how did you know where I'm from?"

FIRST PASSENGER—"I don't."



When Colonel Roosevelt was making a political speech in Maine he asked if there was a Democrat in the audience. An old long whiskered man rose in the back of the room and said, "I am a Democrat." Roosevelt then asked him why he was a Democrat and he said: "I've always been a Democrat, my father was a Democrat and my grandfather was a Democrat." Roosevelt then said: "Then if your father had been a horsethief and your grandfather had been a horsethief you would be a horsethief?" "No," he said, "I would be a Republican."



MEMBROOKE—"Backus seems to be a very popular candidate. Is he running on the Progressive ticket?"

YISTLEY—"No, the Retrogressive. His platform is five-cent trolleys, ten-cent bread, three-dollar shoes and 1918 rents."



Prayer

SMALL YOUTH—"I ain't goin' to say my prayers to-night, mother. I'm goin' to take a chance." —*Life*.

MARJORIE—"Will I get everything I pray for mama?"

MOTHER (cautiously)—"Everything that's good for you, dear."

MARJORIE (disgustedly)—"Oh, what's the use, then; I get that anyway." —*Life.*



Two prominent senators, boyhood friends, were discussing how strict had been their early religious training and how they had departed from it in late years. Said A to B: "I don't believe you even remember the Lord's Prayer, do you?" B answered: "Oh, yes, I do; I'm not such a backslider as that." Then A said: "I'll bet a dollar you cannot say the Lord's Prayer straight through." B promptly declared that he would win that dollar and, after a moment's thoughtful hesitation, repeated slowly:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"By Jove," said A, "here is your dollar; I didn't believe you could do it."



A Scotch missionary in the Far East suffered ill fortune in his marriages, for two wives in succession yielded to the trying climate and died. The missionary had depended on the Board at home to select his previous mates, and he wrote for a third. When due time had elapsed, he journeyed to the seaport to meet the steamer by which his new mate should arrive. At the appointed hour, as the boat drew in, he stood on the dock anxiously waiting. Among the few passengers to descend the gangplank, it was easy for him to select the one destined for him. At sight of her, he shuddered slightly, and a groan burst from his lips.

"Freckles," he muttered despairingly, "and red headed, and with squint—for the third time!—and after all my prayers!"

Bobby had been taught to remember all his relatives when he said his prayers. One night, as he knelt at his mother's knee, he did not mention the name of a favorite aunt.

"Why, Bobby," said the mother, "you didn't say 'God bless Aunt Beatrice and make her happy'."

"Well, mother," replied the little boy, "I don't have to say that any more. Aunt Beatrice's engaged."



One day little Flora was taken to have an aching tooth removed. That night, while she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."



Pretension

Pretension is a kind of velvet cloak

I wear to hide my real self from view,
And yet where'er I meet with other folk
I always find they wear this garment too.

Pretension is a kind of golden veil

Behind whose mesh I seek to hide my face,
And yet where'er I go I never fail
To see that others wear it too with grace.

Pretension is a thing I say I hate

In both myself and in my dearest friend,
And yet whene'er I slyly watch and wait
I find in some regard we all pretend.

—*Ernest Powell.*



Prex and Profs

The president of a college was visiting the little town that had been his former home and had been asked to address an audience of his former neighbors. In order to assure them that his career had not caused him to put on airs, he began his address thus:

"My dear friends—I won't call you ladies and gentlemen—I know you too well to say that."

A certain careless student in a small college suffered from obesity, and it appears that even college professors do not love a fat man. One day, after a particularly unsuccessful recitation in mathematics, the instructor said scornfully: "Well, Mr. Blank, you are better fed than taught."

"That's right, Professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily into his chair; "you teach me—I feed myself."

The president of the university had dark circles under his eyes. His cheek was pallid; his lips were trembling; he wore a hunted expression.

"You look ill," said his wife. "What is wrong, dear?"

"Nothing much," he replied. "But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—" It was evident that his nervous system was shattered.

"What was the dream?" asked his wife.

"I—I—dreamed the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the freshman examination for admission!" sighed the president.

The college boys played a mean trick on "Prexy" by pasting some of the leaves of his Bible together. He rose to read the morning lesson, which might have been as follows:

"Now Johial took unto himself a wife of the daughters of Belial." (He turned a leaf.) "She was eighteen cubits in height and ten cubits in breadth." (A pause and careful scrutiny of the former page.)

He resumed: "Now Johial took unto himself a wife," etc. (Leaf turned.) "She was eighteen cubits in height and ten cubits in breadth, and was pitched within and without—" (Painful pause and sounds of subdued mirth.) "Prexy" turns back again in perplexity.

"Young gentlemen, I can only add that 'Man is fearfully and wonderfully made'—and woman also."

Reports had come to the president of a famous Eastern college that one of the students was drinking more than was good for him. Meeting the offender on the campus one morning the head of the university stopped him and said severely:

"Young man, do you drink?"

"Well—why"—the student hesitated—"not so early in the morning, thank you, Doctor."



Prohibition

The best prohibition story of the season comes from Kansas where, it is said, a local candidate stored a lot of printed prohibition literature in his barn, but accidentally left the door open and a herd of milch cows came in and ate all the pamphlets. As a result every cow in the herd went dry. —*Adrian Times.*



A Michigan citizen recently received a letter from a Canadian whisky house, requesting him to send them the names of a dozen or more persons who would like to get some fine whisky shipped to them at a very low price. The letter wound up by saying:

"We will give you a commission on all the orders sent in by parties whose names you send us."

The Michigan man belonged to a practical joke class, and filled in the names of some of his prohibition friends on the blank spaces left for that purpose.

He had forgotten all about his supposed practical joke when Monday he received another letter from the same house. He supposed it was a request for some more names, and was just about to throw the communication in the waste basket when it occurred to him to send the name of another old friend to the whisky house. He accordingly tore open the envelope, and came near collapsing when he found a check for \$48, representing his commission on the sale of whisky to the parties whose names he had sent in about three weeks before.

"So you're a moonshiner?" remarked the interested tourist.

The lanky mountaineer drew himself up haughtily.

"Mister, you got me wrong," he asserted. "Since prohibition come in we-uns call ourselves irrigation engineers."



The objector to prohibition spoke bitterly:

"Water has killed more folks than liquor ever did."

"You are raving," declared the defender of the Eighteenth Amendment. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, to begin with, there was the Flood."



"Do you think there's a chance of prohibition's being repealed, after all?"

"I hope not," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop; "anyhow, not soon."

"I thought you didn't quite approve of prohibition."

"I don't, quite. But for years folks have been talking about a lot o' chaps that 'ud be such wonders if they didn't drink, an' I want to see 'em get a little more time to make good."



"It is indeed a pleasure," remarked the man who approves of prohibition, "to be able to walk the streets without seeing a saloon on every corner."

"And yet," returned the unregenerate one, "it's a great comfort to know they are there, even if you don't see them."



"Mama, what does it mean when you're wined and dined?"

"That's an obsolete term, Harold. Now you are only grape-juiced and cornbreaded."



"This prohibition outlook is a trifle expensive."

"How so?"

"Why, I've just had to build an addition to my wine cellar."

"Well," said the first clubman, "we may have to drink water pretty soon."

"Water?"

"Yes, that's the stuff the waiter brings you with your napkin."



Public Speaking

Young Franklington found himself facing an audience of voters. He had prepared a fervid oration in support of his father's candidacy, but could do nothing but gasp. Then, in response to an encouraging cheer, he began to speak. "Mr.—Mr. Chairman," he stammered, "when I—when I left home this evening, only two—God and myself—knew what I was going to say; but now—now—well, now, only God knows."



A Bishop introduced at a dinner a noted speaker from Detroit. He used up an hour in his introduction, and then said: "We will now have the address of the speaker." The speaker arose, and said: "My address is Detroit, Michigan. Good-night!" And he strode out.



The late Tom L. Johnson's fame as a public speaker still lives throughout the United States; but behind his reputation for oratory was a tragedy.

He was thirty-four years old when he made his first public speech, and on that occasion, as he said afterward, he died a thousand deaths, lost all his vocabulary, and divorced himself from every idea. When the speech was over, he sought to comfort himself by asking the opinion of a friend who had heard his remarks.

"How was that speech?" was his inquiry.

"It was," replied the comforter, "the worst I ever heard."



An after-dinner speaker was called on to speak on "The Antiquity of the Microbe." He arose and said, "Adam had 'em," and then sat down.

Chauncey M. Depew, one of the best story tellers that ever lived, said in one of his speeches, "The English are a methodical, plain and straightforward people. Sometimes American humor is not clear to them. I remember one thing in connection with a trip I made abroad one time. I was invited to attend a dinner given by a medical society. I was called upon for a speech, and in the course of my talk I said that I knew a woman who lived on Long Island and ate so many clams that her waist rose and fell with the tide. The joke did not seem to take, but I lived through it. Sometime afterward, in looking through an English medical journal, I saw this story reprinted and stated as a pathological fact."



Mark Twain once told this story:

"Some years ago in Hartford, we all went to church one hot, sweltering night to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary who went around finding people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars, where poverty resided; he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. When a man with millions gives, he said, we make a great deal of noise. It's a noise in the wrong place, for it's the widow's mite that counts. Well, Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait for him to get through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking and talking and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter, and we grew sleepier and sleepier and sleepier. My enthusiasm went down, down, down, down—\$100 a clip—until finally, when the plate came around, I stole ten cents out of it. It all goes to show how a little thing like this can lead to crime."



Josh Billings used to say: "I don't care how much people talk if they will only say it in a few words."

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English Literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only 25 per cent of the after-dinner speeches he actually makes. "Every time I accept an invitation to speak, I really make four addresses. First, is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second, is the speech I really make. Third, is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all; and fourth, is the speech the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."



During a lecture, Artemas Ward once startled the crowd of listeners by announcing a fifteen-minute intermission. After contemplating the audience for a few minutes, he relieved their bewilderment by saying:

"Meanwhile, in order to pass the time, we will proceed with the lecture."



The unhappy man explained the cause of his wretchedness:

"I've never made a speech in my life. But last night at the dinner at the club they insisted on my making some remarks, and I got up, and began like this:

"'As I was sitting on my thought, a seat struck me'."



CHAIRMAN (of public banquet)—"Gentlemen, before I introduce the next speaker, there will be a short recess, giving you all a chance to go out and stretch your legs."

GUEST—"Who is the next speaker?"

CHAIRMAN—"Before telling you who he is, I would rather wait until you come back."

—*Life*.



Pullman Porter

A lively looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping-car in the Pennsylvania station when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the young man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis, to the Fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me slide him into another. I want you to——"

"But, say, boss, I——"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground. "All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't going out on that train."

✱

The president of one great southern railway pulled into a southern city in his private car. It was also the terminal of a competing road, and the private car of the president of the other line was on a side track. There was great rivalry between these two lines which extended from the president of each down to the most humble employe. In the evening the colored cook from one of the cars wandered over to pass the time of day with the cook of the other car.

One of these roads had recently had an appalling list of accidents, and the death-toll was exceptionally high. The cook from this road sauntered up to the back platform of the private car, and after an interchange of courtesies said:

"Well, how am youh ole jerkwatah railroad these days? Am you habbing prosper's times?"

"Man," said the other, "we-all am so prosperous that if we was any moah prosperous we just naturally couldn't stand hit."

"Hough!" said the other, "we-all am moah prosperous than you-all."

"Man," said the other, "we dun carry moah'n a million passengers last month."

"Foah de Lord's sake!" ejaculated the first negro. "You'all carried moah'n a million passengers? Go on with you, nigger; we dun kill moah passengers than you carry."



Questionnaire

An answer to the query why some United States Employment Service examiners go mad might be found in the following questionnaire filled out by an applicant applying to the Service for employment:

- Q. Born? A. Yes; once.
- Q. Nativity? A. Baptist.
- Q. Married or single? A. Have been both.
- Q. Parents alive yet? A. Not yet.
- Q. Hair? A. Thin.
- Q. Voice? A. Weak.
- Q. Healthy? A. Sometimes.
- Q. Previous experience? A. No.
- Q. Where? A. Different places.
- Q. Business? A. Rotten.
- Q. Salary expected? A. More.
- Q. Drink? A. Not in dry states.
- Q. Why do you want job? A. Wife won't work any more.



Radio

Those of us who sometimes "listen in" on the radio acquire a certain familiarity with the announcer's vocabulary, even if we do not always know what the unusual words mean.

There was a bug of the genus radio who lived in the back country, where not too much is to be expected in the way of first-hand knowledge of city life. Having occasion to visit a large metropolitan center, Josiah's first

concern was regarding the hostelry where he should put up during his stay. However, his radio information came to his assistance, for he remembered the hours of pleasant melody he had listened to, duly proclaimed by the broadcasting announcer as emanating from a hotel in that very city. It was therefore with much assurance on his part, and, it can easily be believed, with genuine bewilderment on the part of the taxi driver, that on his arrival at the city station our radio friend casually named as his desired destination—"Take me to the Hotel Onsombul."

I've often wondered where the fellow got to.

Our Llewellyn Jones, the Marconi of book editors, has at least had warning of the dangers of speaking by radio. Just before entering the broadcasting room, he told us of a noted actress' first radio reading. It seems that the preceding act had been a band concert. While she dictated to the invisible public, the musicians one by one tip-toed into the chamber to get their instruments. Finally the outraged lady eyed the manager in righteous indignation and, raising her voice half an octave, she cried, "I can't go on with this reading unless you keep that blankety blank door shut."

Railroads

The running time of a branch line railroad in Northern Arkansas is so notoriously slow that the road has gained a national reputation in this regard. A Chicago drummer who had traveled over the road was questioned on the subject and replied: "Slow? Did you say slow? Well, I should say so. Why, a friend of mine, a drummer, who was traveling down there got so despondent over poor business that he tried to commit suicide. He laid down on the track of that road and waited for the passenger train to come along and run over him and when they found the poor fellow he had starved to death."

"Where's the president of this railroad?" asked the man who called at the general offices.

"He's down in Washington, attendin' th' session o' some kind uv an investigatin' committee," replied the office boy.

"Where is the general manager?"

"He's appearin' before th' Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Well, where's the general superintendent?"

"He's at th' meetin' of the legislature, fightin' some bum new law."

"Where is the head of the legal department?"

"He's in court, tryin' a suit."

"Then where is the general passenger agent?"

"He's explainin' t' th' commercial travelers why we can't reduce th' fare."

"Where is the general freight agent?"

"He's gone out in th' country t' attend a meeting o' th' grange an' tell th' farmers why we ain't got no freight-cars."

"Who's running the blame railroad, anyway?"

"The newspapers and th' legislatures."



Remedies

DOCTOR—"But, my dear sir, I can't prescribe whisky for you unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?"

PATIENT—"What symptoms would you suggest, Doctor?"

—*Life.*



SUFFERER—"I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it."

FRIEND—"Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

SUFFERER—"I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"

For every ill beneath the sun
 There is some remedy or none;
 If there be one, resolve to find it;
 If not, submit, and never mind it.



A Swedish farmer, who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota, was taken ill and his wife telephoned the doctor.

"If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I will be out and see him presently."

An hour or so later when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door.

"How is he." asked the doctor.

"Vell," said she, "I bane put the barometer on him like you tell me, and it say 'Very dry,' so I give him a pitcher of water to drink, and now he ban gone back to vork."



The grateful woman on the farm in Arkansas wrote to the vendors of the patent medicine:

"Four weeks ago I was so run down that I could not spank the baby. After taking three bottles of your Elegant Elixir I am now able to thrash my husband in addition to my other housework. God bless you!"



Ruin

Good luck is the gayest of all gay girls;

Long in one place she will not stay;

Back from your brow she strokes the curls,

Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes

And stays—no fancy has she for flitting;

Snatches of true-love songs she hums,

And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

—*John Hay.*

Abe Jones was a colored man who made a living by chicken-stealing. He was converted at a camp meeting. When the elder was receiving testimonies from the mourners' bench, he at last called on Abe:

"Brother," he exhorted, "won't you tell the congregation now what the Lord has done for you?"

Abe got to his feet awkwardly, and mumbled his response in a tone tinged with bitterness:

"It looks as though the Lawd done ruint me."



"Prosperity has ruined many a man," remarked the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd prefer prosperity to do it."



Salesmanship

"Mr. Smith, I represent the Stygian Life Insurance Company. I know you don't want to talk to me or listen to me; I know you have all the insurance you feel able to pay for. I am not here to tell you your chances of dying tonight, or of being hit by an automobile on leaving this building; neither shall I try to convince you that my company can offer you anything more than any other well-managed, long-established concern. I shall not pretend that I am especially interested in your welfare and wish to do you a service. I am trying to make a living. Here is a blank application. You do not need to say any of the commonplaces. Good day, Mr. Smith.

"Ah, you have signed it. Permit me to insert the amount—say \$25,000. Our doctor will call on you tomorrow at 12:01. Thank you, Mr. Smith. Yes; I am using a new method. The idea came from the Four Minute speakers. Haven't lost a prospect yet. But my time is up. I shall deliver your policy in person, but that takes only one minute under the new system. Good-bye."

PROSPECTIVE SALESMAN (to sales-manager who has advertised for a salesman)—“I’m answering your ad in today’s paper.”

SALES MANAGER—“Had much experience?”

PROSPECTIVE SALESMAN (confidently)—“Yes, sir. I’ve sold most everything in my time.”

SALES MANAGER—“Then try selling me your services!”

“I’m not quite sure about your washing-machine. Will you demonstrate it again?”

“No, madam. We only do one week’s washing.”

School Examinations

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential and the exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows:

“I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!”

The following selection of mistakes in examinations may convince almost any one that there are some peaks of ignorance which he has yet to climb:

Queen Elizabeth rode a white horse from Kenilworth through Coventry with nothing on, and Raleigh offered her his cloak.

The law allowing only one wife is called monotony.

When England was placed under an Interdict the Pope stopped all births, marriages and deaths for a year.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The gods of the Indians are chiefly Mohammed and Buddha, and in their spare time they do lots of carving.

Every one needs a holiday from one year’s end to another.

The Seven Great Powers of Europe are gravity, electricity, steam, gas, fly-wheels, and motors, and Mr. Lloyd George.

The hydra was married to Henry VIII. When he cut off her head another sprung up.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterward.

The Habeas Corpus act was that no one need stay in prison longer than he liked.

Becket put on a camel-air shirt and his life at once became dangerous.

The two races living in the north of Europe are Esquimaux and Archangels.

Skeleton is what you have left when you take a man's insides out and his outsides off.

Ellipsis is when you forget to kiss.

A bishop without a diocese is called a suffragette.



Miss Jones gave her classes a test in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeare's plays. Among the titles received were these:

King Liar.

A Merchant of Venus.

Old Fellow.

McBath.

Omelet.

Which reminds us of the high-school pupil who said that Shakespeare's most famous poem was "Venice an Adenoids."



School Excuses

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day, he carried the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate, nervous child, and if he is naughty—and he is likely to be naughty at times—just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."

This note was sent to a teacher by a mother to explain her son's absence from school:

"DEAR MUM: Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gav him this iximple. If a field is four miles square how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and a half times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late to-night, tho it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the nixt problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can.

"Resp'y yrs, "MRS. JONES."



A teacher recently received the following from the mother of an absent pupil:

Dere mam: please eggscuse Willy. He didn't have but one pair of pants an' I kep him home to wash them and Mrs. O'Toole's goat come and et them off the line and that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose.

Yours with respect, MRS. B.



The boy went to his teacher and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat:

"Dear Sir: Please excuse James for not being present yesterday.

"He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man they threw stones at caught him and licked him; and the driver of a cart they hung onto licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased licked him. Then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him; and I had to give him another for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until next time.

"He thinks he will attend regular in future."

Spinsters

"Is there anyone present who wishes the prayers of the congregation for a relative or friend?" asked the minister.

"I do," says the angular lady arising from the rear pew. "I want the congregation to pray for my husband."

"Why, sister Abigail!" replied the minister. "You have no husband as yet."

"Yes, but I want you all to pitch in an' pray for one for me!"



A famous spinster, known throughout the country for her charities, was entertaining a number of girls from a charitable institution. After the luncheon, the children were shown through the place, in order that they might enjoy the many beautiful things it contained.

"This," said the spinster, indicating a statue, "is Minerva."

"Was Minerva married?" asked one of the little girls.

"No, my child," said the spinster, with a smile; "Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom."



A certain town had bought a new fire-engine, and the superintendent, after gathering all his men together, suggested that an appropriate motto should be placed over the station.

The thing was debated at some length and several suggestions were made. Finally one man rose and said:

"I move the following motto: 'May this fire-engine be like all the old maids in our village—always ready, but never called for'."



The maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant when the census taker asked her age.

"Did you see the girls next door?" she asked; "the Hill twins?"

"Certainly," replied the census man.

"And did they tell you their age?"

"Yes."

"Well," she snapped as she shut the door in his face, "I'm just as old as they are!"

"Oh, very well," said the census man to himself, and he wrote down in his book:

"Jane Johnson—as old as the Hills."



An elderly bachelor and an equally elderly spinster sat in a concert hall. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when the wedding march of Mendelssohn was begun he pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "But I'm not strong on those classical pieces. That is a good one. What is it?"

The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him demurely, "is 'The Maiden's Prayer'."



Maude Adams was one day discussing with her old negro "mammy" the approaching marriage of a friend.

"When is you gwine to git married, Miss Maudie?" asked the mammy, who took a deep interest in her talented young mistress.

"I don't know, mammy," answered the star. "I don't think I'll ever get married."

"Well," sighed mammy, in an attempt to be philosophical, "they do say ole maids is the happies' kind after they quits strugglin'."



A report has come from Mexico concerning the doings of three revolutionary soldiers who visited a ranch, which was the property of an American spinster and her two nieces. The girls are pretty and charming, but the aunt is somewhat elderly and much faded, though evidently of a dauntless spirit. The three soldiers looked over the property and the three women, and then declared that they were tired of fighting, and had decided to marry the women and make their home on the ranch.

The two girls were greatly distressed and terrified, but even in their misery they were unselfish.

"We are but two helpless women," they said in effect, "and if we must, we bow to our cruel fate. But please—oh, please—spare our dear auntie. Do not marry her."

At this point, their old-maid relation spoke up for herself:

"Now, now, you girls—you mind your own business. War is war."



Stenographers

One very mild specimen of employer called his typewriter operator and objected to certain letters because they were incorrectly written.

"Miss James," said he softly, "we have a dictionary in the office and I wish you would occasionally consult it when you are in doubt as to how to spell a word."

"Not I, sir," she exclaimed, bridling up. "I did so once, and would you believe it, every word in that blessed dictionary was spelled wrong!"



A bit of humor from the Rotarian Weekly Letter tells of a sheet from a notebook which was picked up by a member last Monday.

The notebook tabulations read:

Oct. 3—Advertisement for girl stenog.....	\$ 0.50
Oct. 5—Violets for new stenog.....	.65
Oct. 8—Week's salary for new stenog.....	15.00
Oct. 11—Roses for new stenog.....	3.00
Oct. 15—Week's salary for Miss ————....	20.00
Oct. 15—Candy for wife over Sunday.....	.75
Oct. 19—Lunch for Miss ————.....	10.60
Oct. 22—Lillian's salary	25.00
Oct. 25—Theatre and supper with Lillian.....	22.00
Oct. 26—Fur coat for wife.....	625.00
Oct. 27—Advertisement for male stenog.....	.50

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

The junior partner was harried.

"I shall have to get another typist," he lamented. "Miss Take is continually interrupting my dictation to ask how to spell a word."

"Dear, dear!" said the senior partner. "That seems a great waste of time."

"It's not that I mind," responded the other. "But it's so bad for discipline to keep on saying, 'I don't know'!"

A beautiful statuesque blond had left New York to act as stenographer to a dignified Philadelphian of Quaker descent. On the morning of her first appearance she went straight to the desk of her employer.

"I presume," she remarked, "that you begin the day over here the same as they do in New York?"

"Oh, yes," replied the employer, without glancing up from a letter he was reading.

"Well, hurry up and kiss me, then," was the startling rejoinder, "I want to get to work."

THE BOSS—"I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business."

APPLICANT—"Don't I, though. I am engaged to your stenographer."

A New York lawyer had in his employ an office-boy who was addicted to the bad habit of telling in other offices what happened in that of his employer. The lawyer found it necessary to discharge him, but, thinking to restrain him from a similar fault in the future, he counseled the boy, on his departure, in this wise:

"Tommy, you must never hear anything that is said in the office. Do what you are told, but turn a deaf ear to conversation that does not include you."

This struck the boss as such a happy inspiration that, to the end that his stenographer might learn the same lesson, he turned to her and said:

"Miss Jones, did you hear what I said to Tommy?"

"No, sir," she returned, promptly.

"Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.

"I am spellbound," replied his typist.

"Has my eloquence such an effect?"

"Yes, sir. I never worked for a man who used so many words I can't spell."



"How many stenographers have you?"

"Two."

"I've seen only one of them."

"Well, I've got a worse looking one to show my wife."



"I say, Hodge, why do you always put 'dictated' on your letters? You don't keep a stenographer."

"No; but to tell the truth, old chap, my spelling's exceedingly rocky."



A Chicago banker dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"Sc, Sc—er—er—er—— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."



Success

Louis J. Horowitz, the sky-scraper builder, who in twenty years has risen from a position of \$3 a week to one of \$100,000 a year, was talking about success.

"I go to bed at 9 o'clock," he said, "and I get up at 5 o'clock. I play a little, but my play is exercise to keep me in good trim for my office. I play to work—as other men work to play."

Mr. Horowitz mused a moment; then in his terse, epigrammatic way he said, shaking his head:

"Success demands sacrifice! Two men set out to achieve fame. One succeeded. The other lived."

The profiteer, skimming over the advertisements in his morning paper, looked across the damask and silver and cut glass at his wife, and remarked enviously:

"These inventors make the money. Take cleaners, now. I'll bet that feller Vacuum has cleared millions."



"The road to success is apt to be a long, hard one, my boy."

"Are there no short cuts, father?"

"Yes, my son. Our penitentiaries are full of men who took the short cuts."



Sunday School

A little girl who was sent to the Sunday-school, and who was one of those very remarkable children who really like to go, came home the other afternoon primed to the muzzle with knowledge and biblical history.

The story of the good Samaritan had been told to her by her dear teacher and it was impossible for her to retail it to her mother fast enough.

"And," said she with gasps of excitement, "what d'you think of that old priest and that miser'ble Levite? Worn't they just about as mean as them kinds is made? But, oh, mama! What'd you think? Just when the worst was at a what-you-may-call-it a good American came along and helped the poor man."



In a Sunday-school, a teacher asked a small boy if he could tell him how the first woman was made.

"Yes, sir," said he with alacrity, "from the jaw-bone of an ass."



A clergyman famous for his begging abilities was once catechizing a Sunday-school. When comparing himself as pastor of the church to a shepherd, and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children: "What does the shepherd do for the sheep?"

To the confusion of the minister a small boy in the front row piped out: "Shears them!"

"Now, children," said the Sunday-school teacher, "I have told you the story of Jonah and the whale. Willie, you may tell me what this story teaches."

"Yes'm," said Wilhe, the bright-eyed son of the pastor; "it teaches that you can't keep a good man down."

At the close of his talk before a Sunday-school the Bishop invited questions.

A tiny boy, with white, eager face, at once held up his hand. "Please, sir," said he, "why was Adam never a baby?"

The Bishop coughed in doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid.

"Please, sir," she answered smartly, "there was nobody to nuss him."

"What is it, children?" asked the superintendent, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature? Who can tell?"

Little Ellen Smith's hand shot up.

"Yes, Ellen; can you tell?"

"Yes, sir; corsets."

"Now, Willie," said the superintendent's little boy, addressing the blacksmith's little boy, who had come over for a frolic, "we'll play 'Sabbath School.' You give me a nickel every Sunday for six months, and then at Christmas I'll give you a ten-cent bag of candy."

"Now," said the clergyman to the Sunday-school class, "can any of you tell me what are sins of omission?"

"Yes, sir," said the small boy. "They are the sins we ought to have done and haven't."

Tact

The young lady who wished to buy some mistletoe was astonished at the high price, and protested to the clerk.

"Well," said the wise salesman, "if you want it for decoration it comes high, but if you want it for business any old twig will do you just as well."



Following inspection the commanding officer of a negro regiment was making a speech to his men in which he warned them that, while courtesy is necessary at times, one should always use tact in one's relations with other people.

Talking together afterward, two of the colored soldiers were discussing the difference between courtesy and tact.

"Well," said one, "Ah can't 'splain the difference but Ah knows. Fo de wah Ah was a plumber and one day a lady calls me on de phone and sez, 'Hurry right down heah, the baft-tub done sprung a leak,' and down Ah rushes. Ah bust right in 'the front do' and up the back stairs into the baft-room. And, boy, there was lady in the tub. And Ah jest speaks right up, sez Ah, 'Good mawnin', SIR!' Now that there 'good mawnin'' was courtesy, but the 'sir' was tact."



Teacher and Pupil

At a teachers' institute in an Eastern city a speaker said that, in his opinion, "the trouble with the public-school system of today is: The teachers are afraid of the principals, the principals are afraid of the superintendent, he is afraid of the school committee, they are afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the children, and the children are afraid of nobody!"



The kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest, the kindergarten said, in her most enthusiastic manner: "Children, as I came to school today in the trolley-car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"

"Tommy, how is it that your sums are always wrong, and the totals always too large?"

"Dunno, teacher."

"Does any one assist you with your arithmetic at home, —now be truthful?"

"Yes, sir, father."

"What does your father do for a living?"

"He's a waiter, sir."

"Ah," said the teacher, "that accounts for it. Go back, and sit down."



Telephone

MR. PUGG—"Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry. You've had that phone twenty minutes and not said a word."

MR. MEEK—"Sir, I am talking to my wife."—*Puck.*



He was just about exasperated with the telephone, was Mr. Busiman. Ten times that morning he had tried to get on to a number, and each time something had prevented him from speaking. Either it was "number engaged" or the person he wanted to speak to was out or else had been suddenly cut off. At last he got through.

"Hallo!" said he. "Is Mr. X—— there?"

"Yes," replied a voice. "Do you want to speak to him?"

That was the last straw. Back came the reply, in icy tones:—

"Oh, no! Nothing of the sort. I merely rang up to hand him a cigar!"



A young lady telephone operator recently attended a watch-night service and fell asleep during the sermon. At the close the preacher said: "We will now sing hymn number three forty-one—three forty-one."

The young lady, just waking in time to hear the number, yawned and said: "The line is busy. Please call again."

A German woman called up Central and instructed her as follows:

"Ist dis de mittle? Vell dis is Lena. Hang my husband on dis line. I vant to speak mit him."



An Episcopal clergyman, rector of a fashionable church in one of Boston's most exclusive suburbs, so as not to be bothered with the innumerable telephone calls that fall to one in his profession, had his name left out of the telephone book. A prominent merchant of the same name, living in the same suburb, was continually annoyed by requests to officiate at funerals and baptisms. He went to the rector, told his troubles in a kindly way, and asked the parson to have his name put in the directory. But without success.

The merchant then determined to complain to the telephone company. As he was writing the letter, one Saturday evening, the telephone rang and the timid voice of a young man asked if the Rev. Mr. Blank would marry him at once. A happy thought came to the merchant: "No, I'm too damn busy writing my sermon," he replied.



I am a telephone. While I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouthpiece, but unlike a woman I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me and wives call their husbands down over me. I never get to call anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out. I am not a bee, but I often buzz. I am the "Bell" of the town, and while I do not get jewelry, I often get rings.



PITTSBURGH MAN (telephoning to Long Island from New York)—"Ten cents? Why, in Pittsburgh we can telephone to Hades for a nickel."

CENTRAL—"But this is a long-distance call."

New York Elks are having a lot of fun with a member of their lodge, a Fifteenth Street jeweler. The other day his wife was in the jewelry store when the 'phone rang. She answered it.

"I want to speak to Mr. H——," said a woman's voice.

"Who is this?" demanded the jeweler's wife.

"Elizabeth."

"Well, Elizabeth, this is his wife. Now, madam, what do you want?"

"I want to talk to Mr. H——."

"You'll talk to me."

"Please let me speak to Mr. H——."

The jeweler's wife grew angry. "Look here, young lady," she said, "who are you that calls my husband and insists on talking to him?"

"I'm the telephone operator at Elizabeth, N. J.," came the reply.

And now the Elks take turns calling the jeweler up and telling him it's Elizabeth.



Temperance

A Boston deacon who was a zealous advocate for the cause of temperance employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his home. In repairing a corner near the fireplace, it was found necessary to remove the wainscot, when some things were brought to light which greatly astonished the workman. A brace of decanters, sundry bottles containing "something to take," a pitcher, and tumblers were cosily reposing in their snug quarters. The joiner ran to the proprietor with the intelligence.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the deacon. "This is curious, sure enough. It must be old Captain Bunce that left those things there when he occupied the premises thirty years since."

"Perhaps he did," returned the discoverer, "but, Deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well frozen to remain solid."

Here's to a temperance supper,
With water in glasses tall,
And coffee and tea to end with—
And me not there at all.



Tobacco

A young man consulted a doctor about "tobacco heart" which he believed he had contracted from excessive smoking.

"Doctor," said he, "do you believe that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?"

"Do I?" exclaimed the doctor, "I know it does. I tried to stop once, and the days were about ninety hours long."



"Marjorie, have you been smoking?"

"No, mother."

"But your breath smells of tobacco."

"Father kissed me good-bye."

"But father doesn't smoke."

"I know, mother, but his stenographer does."



The Secretary of the New England Anti-Tobacco league said in an address in Portland: "Carefully compiled statistics show us that for every cigar a man smokes he shortens his life three days, while with every cigarette he smokes he shortens his life a week."

At this point a prominent Portland physician rose in the rear of the hall.

"Are those statistics absolutely accurate?" he asked.

"Absolutely, sir," said the Secretary. "Why?"

"Because it's rather important," explained the physician. "You see, if your statistics are accurate, I've been dead over 300 years." —*Detroit Free Press.*



The best thing about women smoking is, it gives men a chance to say a few words now and then.



REAL ESTATE AGENT—"This tobacco plantation is a bargain. I don't see why you hesitate. What are you worrying about?"

PROSPECTIVE, BUT INEXPERIENCED, PURCHASER—"I was just wondering whether I should plant cigars or cigarettes."



Tolerance

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the hectic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

—Tom Moore.



The friendship existing between Father Kelly and Rabbi Levi is proof against differences in race and religion. Each distinguished for his learning, his eloquence and his wit; and they delight in chaffing each other. They were seated opposite each other at a banquet where some delicious roast ham was served and Father Kelly made comments upon its flavor. Presently he leaned forward and in a voice that carried far, he addressed his friend:

"Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelly," retorted the rabbi.



Tourists

He had just returned from Paris and said to his old aunt in the country: "Here, Aunt, is a silver franc piece I brought you from Paris as a souvenir."

"Thanks, Herman," said the old lady. "I wish you'd thought to have brought me home one of them Latin quarters I read so much about."

Johnnie Poe, one of the famous Princeton football family, and incidentally a great-nephew of Edgar Allan Poe, was a general in the army of Honduras in one of their recent wars. Finally, when things began to look black with peace and the American general discovered that his princely pay when translated into United States money was about sixty cents a day, he struck for the coast. There he found a United States warship and asked transportation home.

"Sure," the commander told him. "We'll be glad to have you. Come aboard whenever you like and bring your luggage."

"Thanks," said Poe warmly. "I'll sure do that. I only have fifty-four pieces."

"What!" exclaimed the commander. "What do you think I'm running? A freighter?"

"Oh, well, you needn't get excited about it," purred Poe. "My fifty-four pieces consist of one pair of socks and a pack of playing cards."



Mr. Hiram Jones had just returned from a personally conducted tour of Europe.

"I suppose," commented a friend, "that when you were in England you did as the English do and dropped your H's."

"No," moodily responded the returned traveller; "I didn't. I did as the Americans do. I dropped my V's and X's."

Then he slowly meandered down to the bank to see if he couldn't get the mortgage extended.



An American tourist and his wife, after their return from abroad, were telling of the wonders seen by them at the Louvre in Paris. The husband mentioned with enthusiasm a picture which represented Adam and Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden, in connection with the eating of the forbidden fruit. The wife also waxed enthusiastic, and interjected a remark:

"Yes, we found the picture most interesting, most interesting indeed, because, you see, we know the anecdote."



Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's most flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.



Trouble

The cheery caller tried to persuade old Aunt Martha not to dwell upon her troubles, telling her she would feel happier if she ignored them.

"Well, honey," said the old lady, "I dunno 'bout dat. I allus 'lowed when the Lord send me tribulation He done spec' me to tribulate."



A friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter saying that he was in very bad health, and concluding: "Is there anything worse than having toothache and earache at the same time?"

The humorist wrote back: "Yes, rheumatism and Saint Vitus's dance."

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—*Edward Everett Hale.*



Said the bibulous gentleman who had been reading birth and death statistics: "Do you know, James, every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Then," said James, "why don't you chew cloves?"



"Why are you so vexed, Irma?"

"I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equality League, and my parlor-maid presided, and she had the audacity to call me to order three times."



His horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost six cows in a poker game;
Then a hurricane came on a summer day
And blew the house where he lived away;
And an earthquake came when that was gone
And swallowed the land that the house stood on;
Then the tax collector he came 'round
And charged him up with a hole in the ground.



"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northerner.

"Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it an' a-worryin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' natcherly goes to sleep!"

—*Life.*



Vaccination

During the Christmas dinner a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine-looking young woman who was wearing a gown which displayed her beautiful arms.

"I came near not being here to-night," said she. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance."

The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that so?" he replied. "Where were you vaccinated?"

The girl smiled demurely and said: "In Toronto."

✽

SHE (giving her Flipper an outing in her roadster)—
"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

HE (expectantly)—"Yes, indeed."

SHE—"Well, keep your eyes open; we'll drive by there pretty soon."

✽

Weather

WEATHER EXPERT—"When I say it's going to be fine, it's wet; and when I say wet, it's fine! They'll sack me next!"

COLLEAGUE—"Stick to local showers, old man; there must be some local showers somewhere."

✽

Betty Brown, the prettiest girl in the village, was blest with a father who snubbed all the young men who came to see her. One evening a bashful young man named Samuel Green called.

After the trio had sat together in silence for some time, the young man ventured to remark:

"It looks as though it might rain, sir."

"It's not going to rain," was Father Brown's gruff reply.

For nearly half an hour there was complete silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"Samuel Green," was the response.

"What! Not old Tom Green's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," exclaimed the father, thawing, "it may rain, it may rain."

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather.

—*Ruskin.*



The ducky in question had simmered in the heat of St. Augustine all his life, and was decoyed by the report that colored men could make as much as \$4 a day in Duluth.

He headed North in a seersucker suit and into a hard winter. At Chicago, while waiting for a train, he shivered in an engine room, and on his way to Duluth sped by miles of snow fields.

On arriving he found the mercury at 18 below and promptly lost the use of his hands. Then his feet stiffened and he lost all sensation.

They picked him up and took him to a crematory for unknown dead. After he had been in the oven for awhile somebody opened the door for inspection. Rastus came to and shouted:

"Shut dat do' and close dat draff!"



Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—*Caroline A. Mason.*



Wisdom

When I have ceased to break my wings
Against the faultiness of things,
And learned that compromises wait
Behind each hardly opened gate,
When I can look life in the eyes
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the Truth
And taken in exchange—My Youth.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

Little Jimmie came to Toronto from his northern Ontario home, where colored folks are hardly ever seen. One day when he was out walking with his Uncle Bob, they happened to pass a colored woman, and the following conversation took place:

"Say, Uncle, why did that woman black her face?" said Jimmy.

"Why, she hasn't blacked her face—that's her natural color," said uncle.

"Is she black like that all over?" asked Jimmy.

"Why—yes."

"Gosh, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"

During a conversation between an Irishman and a Jew, the Irishman asked how it was that the Jews were so wise.

"Because," said the Jew, "we eat a certain kind of fish"; and he offered to sell one for ten dollars.

After paying his money, the Irishman received a small dried fish. He bit into it, then exclaimed: "Why, this is only a smoked herring."

"See?" said the Jew. "You are getting wise already."

Woman

A New York jury recently awarded a woman \$40,000 for the loss of a leg. The latest court decisions, as assembled by *Case and Comment*, show the value of a woman, completely assembled as:

Legs, at \$40,000.....	\$ 80,000
Arms, at \$42,500.....	85,000
Hair	20,000
Nose	15,000
Eyes at \$10,000.....	20,000
Broken heart	250,000
	<hr/>
	\$470,000

This teaches us that a first-class wife should be given at least as much care and attention as an automobile.

—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

"Of course, there is no such thing as woman's supremacy."

"Think not? From the time a boy sits under a street light playing with toads until he is blind and old and toothless, he has to explain to some woman why he didn't come home earlier."



"Certainly, I killed my husband!" calmly said the fair prisoner at the bar. "Why shouldn't I? I came home and found the wretch sleeping with his head on my handsome sofa pillow——"

"Not guilty," cried the twelve jurors in one voice.



The Mrs. never misses
Any bargain sale,
For the female of the species
Is more thrifty than the male.



There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so excessively thin,
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.



He laid him down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed he called that woman "bride."
And his first sleep became his last repose.



Blessings on thee, little dame—
Bareback girl with knees the same,
With thy rolled down silken hose
And thy short transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store;
With thy make-up on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy—
Glad that I was born a boy.

"Judge, Your Honor," cried the prisoner at the bar, "have I got to be tried by a lady jury?"

"Be still!" whispered his attorney.

"I won't be still! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm guilty!"

"It appears to be your record, Mary," said the magistrate, "that you have already been convicted thirty-five times of stealing."

"I guess that's right, your honor," answered Mary. "No woman is perfect."

JULIA—"Fanny married a very wealthy man, you know. She tells me she has absolutely nothing to wish for."

GERTRUDE—"Oh, Julia, What a dreadful state to be in."

JAZZ—"My girl told me she weighed 120 the other night."

BEAU—"Stripped?"

JAZZ—"Yeh; she was in an evening gown."

A wise old Quaker woman once said that men were guilty of three most astonishing follies. The first was the climbing of trees to shake down the fruit, when if they would but wait, the fruit would fall of itself. The second was the going to war to kill one another, when if they would only wait, they must surely die naturally. The third was that they should run after women, when, if they did not do so, the women would surely run after them.

The professor was asked to give his definition of woman. After clearing his throat, he began in his leisurely way: "Woman is, generally speaking——"

"Stop right there, professor," interrupted a lowbrow; "if you talked a thousand years you'd never get any nearer to it than that."

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